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HAWTHORNE AND HIS MOSESSES.

BY A VIRGINIAN SPENDING JULY IN VERMONT.

A PAPERED chamber in a fine old farm-house, a mile from any other dwelling, and dipped to the eaves in foliage—surrounded by mountains, old woods, and Indian ponds,—this, surely, is the place to write of Hawthorne. Some charm is in this northern air, for love and duty seem both impelling to the task. A man of a deep and noble nature has seized me in this seclusion. His wild, witch-voice rings through me; or, in softer cadences, I seem to hear it in the songs of the hill-side birds that sing in the larch trees at my window.

Would that all excellent books were foundlings, without father or mother, that so it might be we could glorify them, without including their ostensible au hors! Nor would any true man take exception to this; least of all, he who writes, "When the Artist rises high enough to achieve the Beautiful, the symbol by which he makes it perceptible to mortal senses becomes of little value in his eyes, while his spirit possesses itself in the enjoyment of the reality."

But more than this. I know not what would be the right name to put on the title-page of an excellent book; but this I feel, that the names of all fine authors are fititious ones, far more so than that of Junius; simply standing, as they do, for the mystical, ever-eluding spirit of all beauty, which ubiquitously possesses men of genius. Purely imaginative as this fancy may appear, it nevertheless seems to receive some warranty from the fact, that on a personal interview no great author has ever come up to the idea of his reader. But that dust of which our bodies are composed, how can it fully express the nobler intelligences among us? With reverence be it spoken, that not even in the case of one deemed more than man, not even in our Saviour, did his visible frame betoken anything of the augustness of the nature within. Else, how could those Jewish eyewitnesses fail to see heaven in his glance!

It is curious how a man may travel along a country road, and yet miss the grandest or sweetest of prospects by reason of an intervening hedge, so like all other hedges, as in no way to hint of the wide landscape beyond. So has it been with me concerning the enchanting landscape in the soul of this Hawthorne, this most excellent Man of Mosses.

His "Old Manse" has been written now four years, but I never read it till a day or two since. I had seen it in the book-stores—heard of it often—even had it recommended to me by a tasteful friend, as a rare, quiet book, perhaps too deserving of popularity to be popular. But there are so many books called "excellent," and so much unpopular merit, that amid the thick stir of other things, the hint of my tasteful friend was disregarded; and for four years the Mosses on the Old Manse never refreshed me with their perennial green. It may be, however, that all this while the book, likewise, was only improving in flavor and body. At any rate, it so chanced that this long procrastination eventuated in a happy result. At breakfast the other day, a mountain girl, a cousin of mine, who for the last two weeks has every morning helped me to strawberries and raspberries, which, like the roses and pearls in the fairy tale, seemed to fall into the saucer from those strawberry-beds, her cheeks—this delightful creature, this charming Cherry says to me—"I see you spend your mornings in the haymow; and yesterday I found there 'Dwight's Travels in New England.' Now I have something far better than that, something more congenial to our summer on these hills. Take these raspberries, and then I will give you some moss." "Moss!" said I. "Yes, and you must take it to the barn with you, and good-by to 'Dwight'."

With that she left me, and soon returned with a volume, verdantly bound, and garnished with a curious frontispiece in green; nothing less than a fragment of real moss, cunningly pressed to a fly-leaf. "Why, this," said I, spilling my raspberries, "this is the 'Mosses from an Old Manse'." "Yes," said cousin Cherry, "yes, it is that flowery Hawthorne." "Hawthorne and Mosses," said I, "no more: it is morning: it is July in the country: and I am off for the barn."

Stretched on that new mown clover, the hill-side breeze blowing over me through the wile barn-door, and soothed by the hum of the bees in the meadows around, how magically stole over me this Mossy Man! and how amply, how bountifully, did he redeem that delicious promise to his guests in the Old Manse, of whom it is written—"Others could give them pleasure, or amusement, or instruction—these could be picked up anywhere—but it was for me to give them rest. Rest, in a life of trouble! What better could be done for weary and world-worn spirits? What better could be done for anybody, who came within our magic circle, than to throw the spell of a magic spirit over him?" So all that day, half-buried in the new clover, I watched this Hawthorne's "Assyrian dawn, and Paphian sunset and moonrise, from the summit of our Eastern Hill."

The soft ravishments of the man spun me round about in a web of dreams, and when the book was closed, when the spell was over, this wizard "dismissed me with but misty reminiscences, as if I had been dreaming of him."

What a wild moonlight of contemplative humor bathes that Old Manse!—the rich and rare distilment of a spicy and slowly-oozing heart. No rollicking rudeness, no gross fun

fed on fat dinners, and bred in the lees of wine,—but a humor so spiritually gentle, so high, so deep, and yet so richly relishable, that it were hardly inappropriate in an angel. It is the very religion of mirth; for nothing so human but it may be advanced to that. The orchard of the Old Manse seems the visible type of the fine mind that has described it—those twisted and contorted old trees, "that stretch out their crooked branches, and take such hold of the imagination, that we remember them as humorists and odd-fellows." And then, as surrounded by these grotesque forms, and hushed in the noon-day repose of this Hawthorne's spell, how aptly might the still fall of his ruddy thoughts into your soul be symbolized by "the thump of a great apple, in the stillest afternoon, falling without a breath of wind, from the mere necessity of perfect ripeness!" For no less ripe than ruddy are the apples of the thoughts and fancies in this sweet Man of Mosses—

"Buds and Bird-voices"—

What a delicious thing is that! "Will the world ever be so decayed, that Spring may not renew its greenness?" And the "Fire-Worship." Was ever the hearth so glorified into an altar before? The mere title of that piece is better than any common work in fifty folio volumes. How exquisite is this—"Nor did it lessen the charm of his soft, familiar courtesy and helpfulness, that the mighty spirit, were opportunity offered him, would run riot through the peaceful house, wrap its inmates in his terrible embrace, and leave nothing of them save their whitened bones. This possibility of mad destruction only made his domestic kindness the more beautiful and touching. It was so sweet of him, being endowed with such power, to dwell, day after day, and one long, lonesome night after another, on the dusky hearth, only now and then betraying his wild nature, by thrusting his red tongue out of the chimney-top! True, he had done much mischief in the world, and was pretty certain to do more, but his warm heart atoned for all; He was kindly to the race of man."

But he has still other apples, not quite so ruddy, though full as ripe;—apples, that have been left to wither on the tree, after the pleasant autumn gathering is past. The sketch of "The Old Apple-Dealer" is conceived in the subtlest spirit of sadness; he whose "subdued and nerveless boyhood prefigured his abortive prime, which, likewise, contained within itself the prophecy and image of his lean and torpid age." Such touches as are in this piece cannot proceed from any common heart. They argue such a depth of tenderness, such a boundless sympathy with all forms of being, such an omnipresent love, that we must needs say that this Hawthorne is here almost alone in his generation,—at least, in the artistic manifestation of these things.

Still more. Such touches as these,—and many, very many similar ones, all through his chapters—furnish clues whereby we enter a little way into the intricate, profound heart where they originated. And we see that suffering, some time or other and in some shape or other,—this only can enable any man to depict it in others. All over him, Hawthorne's

melancholy rests like an Indian-summer, which, though bathing a whole country in one softness, still reveals the distinctive hue of every towering hill and each far-winding vale.

But it is the least part of genius that attracts admiration. Where Hawthorne is known, he seems to be deemed a pleasant writer, with a pleasant style,—a sequestered, harmless man, from whom any deep and weighty thing would hardly be anticipated—a man who means no meanings. But there is no man, in whom humor and love, like mountain peaks, soar to such a rapt height as to receive the irradiations of the upper skies;—there is no man in whom humor and love are developed in that high form called genius; no such man can exist without also possessing, as the indispensable complement of these, a great, deep intellect, which drops down into the universe like a plummet. Or, love and humor are only the eyes through which such an intellect views this world. The great beauty in such a mind is but the product of its strength. What, to all readers, can be more charming than the piece entitled “Monsieur du Miroir,” and to a reader at all capable of fully fathoming it, what, at the same time, can possess more mystical depth of meaning?—yes, there he sits and looks at me,—this “shape of mystery,” this “identical Monsieur du Miroir.” “Methinks I should tremble now, were his wizard power of gliding through all impediments in search of me, to place him suddenly before my eyes.”

How profound, nay appalling, is the moral evolved by the Earth's Holocaust; where—beginning with the hollow follies and affectations of the world,—all vanities and empty theories and forms are, one after another, and by an admirably graduated, growing comprehensiveness, thrown into the allegorical fire, till, at length, nothing is left but the all-engendering heart of man; which remaining still unconsumed, the great conflagration is naught.

Of a piece with this, is the “Intelligence Office,” a wondrous symbolizing of the secret workings in men's souls. There are other sketches still more charged with ponderous import.

“The Christmas Banquet,” and “The Bosom Serpent,” would be fine subjects for a curious and elaborate analysis, touching the conjectural parts of the mind that produced them. For spite of all the Indian-summer sunlight on the hither side of Hawthorne's soul, the other side—like the dark half of the physical sphere—is shrouded in a blackness, ten times black. But this darkness but gives more effect to the ever-moving dawn, that for ever advances through it, and circumnavigates his world. Whether Hawthorne has simply availed himself of this mystical blackness as a means to the wondrous effects he makes it to produce in his lights and shades; or whether there really lurks in him, perhaps unknown to himself, a touch of Puritanic gloom,—this, I cannot altogether tell. Certain it is, however, that this great power of blackness in him derives its force from its appeals to that Calvinistic sense of Innate Depravity and Original Sin, from whose visitations, in some shape or other, no deeply thinking mind is always and wholly free. For, in certain moods, no man can weigh this world without throwing in something, somehow like Original Sin, to strike the uneven balance. At all events, perhaps no writer has ever wielded this terrific thought with greater terror than this same harmless Hawthorne. Still more: this black conceit pervades him through

and through. You may be witched by his sunlight,—transported by the bright gildings in the skies he builds over you; but there is the blackness of darkness beyond; and even his bright gildings but fringe and play upon the edges of thunder-clouds. In one word, the world is mistaken in this Nathaniel Hawthorne. He himself must often have smiled at its absurd misconception of him. He is immeasurably deeper than the plummet of the mere critic. For it is not the brain that can test such a man; it is only the heart. You cannot come to know greatness by inspecting it; there is no glimpse to be caught of it, except by intuition; you need not ring it, you but touch it, and you find it is gold.

Now, it is that blackness in Hawthorne, of which I have spoken, that so fixes and fascinates me. It may be, nevertheless, that it is too largely developed in him. Perhaps he does not give us a ray of his light for every shade of his dark. But however this may be, this blackness it is that furnishes the infinite obscure of his back-ground,—that back-ground, against which Shakspeare plays his grandest conceits, the things that have made for Shakspeare his loftiest but most circumscribed renown, as the profoundest of thinkers. For by philosophers Shakspeare is not adored as the great man of tragedy and comedy.—“Off with his head; so much for Buckingham!” This sort of rant, interlined by another hand, brings down the house,—those mistaken souls, who dream of Shakspeare as a mere man of Richard-the-Third humps and Macbeth daggers. But it is those deep far-away things in him; those occasional flashings-forth of the intuitive Truth in him; those short, quick probings at the very axis of reality;—these are the things that make Shakspeare, Shakspeare. Through the mouths of the dark characters of Hamlet, Timon, Lear, and Iago, he craftily says, or sometimes insinuates the things which we feel to be so terrifically true, that it were all but madness for any good man, in his own proper character, to utter, or even hint of them. Tormented into desperation, Lear, the frantic king, tears off the mask, and speaks the same madness of vital truth. But, as I before said, it is the least part of genius that attracts admiration. And so, much of the blind, unbridled admiration that has been heaped upon Shakspeare, has been lavished upon the least part of him. And few of his endless commentators and critics seem to have remembered, or even perceived, that the immediate products of a great mind are not so great as that undeveloped and sometimes undevelopable yet dimly-discernible greatness, to which those immediate products are but the infallible indices. In Shakspeare's tomb lies infinitely more than Shakspeare ever wrote. And if I magnify Shakspeare, it is not so much for what he did do as for what he did not do, or refrained from doing. For in this world of lies, Truth is forced to fly like a scared white doe in the woodlands; and only by cunning glimpses will she reveal herself, as in Shakspeare and other masters of the great Art of Telling the Truth,—even though it be covertly and by snatches.

But if this view of the all-popular Shakspeare be seldom taken by his readers, and if very few who extol him have ever read him deeply, or perhaps, only have seen him on the tricky stage (which alone made, and is still making him his mere mob renown)—if few men have time, or patience, or palate, for the spiritual truth as it is in that great genius;—it is then no matter of surprise, that in a contemporaneous age, Nathaniel Hawthorne is a

man as yet almost utterly mistaken among men. Here and there, in some quiet armchair in the noisy town, or some deep nook among the noiseless mountains, he may be appreciated for something of what he is. But unlike Shakspeare, who was forced to the contrary course by circumstances, Hawthorne (either from simple disinclination, or else from inaptitude) refrains from all the popularizing noise and show of broad farce and blood-beamed tragedy; content with the still, rich utterance of a great intellect in repose, and which sends few thoughts into circulation, except they be arterialized at his large warm lungs, and expanded in his honest heart.

Nor need you fix upon that blackness in him, if it suit you not. Nor, indeed, will all readers discern it; for it is, mostly, insinuated to those who may best understand it, and account for it; it is not obtruded upon every one alike.

Some may start to read of Shakspeare and Hawthorne on the same page. They may say, that if an illustration were needed, a lesser light might have sufficed to elucidate this Hawthorne, this small man of yesterday. But I am not willingly one of those who, as touching Shakspeare at least, exemplify the maxim of Rochefoucault, that “we exalt the reputation of some, in order to depress that of others;”—who, to teach all noble-souled aspirants that there is no hope for them, pronounce Shakspeare absolutely unapproachable. But Shakspeare has been approached. There are minds that have gone as far as Shakspeare into the universe. And hardly a mortal man, who, at some time or other, has not felt as great thoughts in him as any you will find in Hamlet. We must not inferentially malign mankind for the sake of any one man, whoever he may be. This is too cheap a purchase of contentment for conscious mediocrity to make. Besides, this absolute and unconditional adoration of Shakspeare has grown to be a part of our Anglo-Saxon superstitions. The Thirty-Nine articles are now Forty. Intolerance has come to exist in this matter. You must believe in Shakspeare's unapproachability, or quit the country. But what sort of a belief is this for an American, a man who is bound to carry republican progressiveness into Literature as well as into Life? Believe me, my friends, that men, not very much inferior to Shakspeare, are this day being born on the banks of the Ohio. And the day will come when you shall say, Who reads a book by an Englishman that is a modern? The great mistake seems to be, that even with those Americans who look forward to the coming of a great literary genius among us, they somehow fancy he will come in the costume of Queen Elizabeth's day; be a writer of dramas founded upon old English history or the tales of Boccaccio. Whereas, great geniuses are parts of the times, they themselves are the times, and possess a correspondent coloring. It is of a piece with the Jews, who, while their Shiloh was meekly walking in their streets, were still praying for his magnificent coming; looking for him in a chariot, who was already among them on an ass. Nor must we forget that, in his own lifetime, Shakspeare was not Shakspeare, but only Master William Shakspeare of the shrewd, thriving, business firm of Condell, Shakspeare & Co., proprietors of the Globe Theatre in London; and by a courtly author, of the name of Chettle, was looked at as an “upstart crow,” beautified “with other birds' feathers.” For, mark it well, imitation is often the first charge brought against real originality. Why this is so, there is not space

to set forth here. You must have plenty of sea-room to tell the Truth in; especially when it seems to have an aspect of newness, as America did in 1492, though it was then just as old, and perhaps older than Asia, only those sagacious philosophers, the common sailors, had never seen it before, swearing it was all water and moonshine there.

(To be concluded next week.)

REVIEWS.

SOCIALISM AND THE NEW CHRISTIANITY.

Hints toward Reforms, in Lectures, Addresses, and other writings. By Horace Greeley.

[SECOND PAPER.]

In previous remarks credit was given to the author of the "Hints" for moral and conservative instincts to which others of the same school are in a great measure strangers. And yet this very trait, however honorable to him personally, is often the cause of most inconsistent and illogical reasoning. It is continually leading to a system of checks and balances, and to the introduction of caveats of which the more thorough reformers feel no need. The French Socialists have far more liberty in this respect than some of their American brethren. The latter cannot avoid occasionally rendering homage to the ideas and language of conservatism. Talk as they will about the "whining and pining upholder of old abuses," they are conscious in their very souls that the description is a falsehood and a caricature. They cannot help feeling, too, that unmixed radicalism is essentially ordinary and commonplace. It might, indeed, be none the less worthy of support, simply on that account; but then, in its plain and honest aspect, it does not come quite up to their ideas of the transcendent or the profound. It is something too easy of comprehension—not from its beautiful simplicity, but from the manifest one-sidedness of all its ideas. Its sheer animalism has so little to do with any of the higher qualities of the head or the heart,—it has so little recognition of those necessarily varied relations out of which alone can grow not only a political science for the intellect, but also those social virtues which are essential to any right discipline of the affections,—that they are often driven to assume something of a higher and more conserving order. It requires so little, either of mind or soul, to find fault with every present institution of society, and to repeat over the same stereotyped phrases respecting progress and destinies, that they sometimes get ashamed of their naked position, and would fain disguise it now and then by an affectation of conservative language. Hence it is that those who would be thought their best writers, can seldom conclude one of their lectures on radical reform without some compliment to what they would call a "just conservatism," an expression almost as definite and significant as the familiar phrase, a "judicious tariff." They would assume to be "mediators, interpreters, reconcilers." Hence they would be conservatives too, but after a fashion of their own. They are high-souled eclectics. They have found out the before unknown *via media*. They have, at last, elaborated a most profound distinction—something like the famous transcendental *at-onement* in theology—and which is to reconcile all seemingly opposite polarities. They are conservatives of all that is good; they are destructives in respect to all that is evil. They are for the progress of all that is right; they would oppose the advance of all that is wrong. Very

safe positions truly! The world had never thought of this before. But may we not respectfully ask those who are fond of talking in this very definite strain,—Did they ever know a man who would not subscribe to the doctrine in either aspect of it? Did they ever know a man who would not profess, and with some degree of that poor virtue we *call* stucrny, to be in favor of the melioration of humanity, the conservation of good, and the destruction of evil; that is, according to his "understanding of the constitution" of things?

The objection, then, to this kind of language is, that it does not bring us a hair's-breadth nearer to any truth than we were before. The great questions—what is really good? what is evil? what are the means to attain the one and avoid the other? what is happiness? what is *well being*? how far are these identical, and in what respects do they differ?—all these most important and fundamental queries have no light whatever shed upon them; and, what is stranger still, our judicious conservatives, or more philosophical radicals, never seem in the least stumbled by the thought, that unless these ideas are first settled or referred to some fixed and supreme standard, nothing is or can be settled: all else on the subject of society, or reform, or progress, is but beating the air. It is astonishing how many pages may be occupied with a grandiloquent haranguing on these topics; all, too, in very good English; all in what seems to be the most appropriate and nervous diction, on which no one can fix the charge of absolute nonsense; and sometimes even coming up to what is called the best style of *fine writing*, and yet no real progress in thought, or speculative truth, or practical wisdom. Page after page the reader has been entertained, interested, and, at times, enraptured; yet, somehow, when he soberly turns himself to gather up the results, he finds he has retained nothing; he has learned nothing but what he and every other man well knew before, namely, that this is a very strange world, very full of evil, and that if men would everywhere act disinterestedly, and get above their own earthliness and sensuality, in other words, above themselves, and "elevate their higher natures," and try to meliorate the condition of the world, said condition would certainly be very much meliorated. In respect, however, to the nature of the good and the evil and the best kinds of melioration, and the best means of effecting it, he would get more *definite*, if not more "*expansive*" ideas from one chapter of the Bible, or from one head of some old sermon, or even from one page of Buxton's "Pilgrim," or "Holy War," than from all the lectures on the ideal of humanity that have appeared since the days of Rousseau.

Such affectation of a sort of semi-conservative language may, in this way, seem wonderfully liberal: it may appear to come from some very elevated position, and yet the writer or speaker who employs it may, after all, find nothing in society worth conserving. Still he is a conservative. He claims, forsooth, to be your *real* conservative, in distinction from that spurious sort who have a love of evil, especially old evil, *per se*. He is peculiar, very peculiar in this, that he is for conserving all that is good and right; but this good, if we may take his account of things, nowhere exists. The Church is full of hypocrisy and selfishness; it has lost sight of its mission; it has no faith! no generous self-trust in humanity. And yet this humanity, too, in some other parts of our reformer's picture you will find presented in darker colors than ever came from the gloomy imagination of the sternest theologian. No

men so delight, at times, in slandering and blackening our race as your social regenerators, especially one of the sentimental class. The theologian of the old school maintains the doctrine of *total depravity* in a sober and scriptural sense; the philosophical reformer professes to abhor the *error* as a gross blot on our humanity, and yet goes far beyond him in the pictures he delights to draw of human wickedness. With the former it is a term of *extent*; with the latter, the idea (however much he may reject the expression) is one of *intensity*. By the theologian, the much misunderstood and much abused phrase is employed in opposition to *partial*, to denote the fact of *universality*, or of depravity in *all* men, and, to some degree, in *every* natural act of *every* man. It spreads over all our nature, it affects all our lives; it tinges more or less all our thoughts and emotions, or every act and exercise of the soul.

We are not evil one day and holy the next, as some of "the Pelagians do vainly talk," but *totally* depraved; that is, *every* thing is imperfect, everything, when compared with the divine law of perfect purity, is wrong, is impure, is sinful, however innocent and even commendable it might appear when judged by a lower human standard. "We are all gone astray like lost sheep"—"we are all of us very far gone from original righteousness, and of *our own natures* inclined to evil." But this old doctrine of total depravity does not make out man to be a fiend. Hence, when rightly viewed, it becomes, by its very universality, the most overflowing fountain of all humane and kindly feelings,—the great and available argument for universal brotherhood, because its hold upon the human soul is a *sympathy* (*συμπάθεια*) of nature, of condition, of a common fall, of a common danger, and a common salvation, instead of being that cold and arid, yet inflating thing, an abstract philanthropy. Our reformer, however, loves to contemplate human depravity only in one direction, and then rather in regard to *intensity* than *extent*. When he forgets his consistency and humanity in his zeal for denunciation and caricature, the pictures he draws are likenesses, not of men (not even the worst men), but of devils. Augustine, and Calvin, and Baxter, make no approach in this respect to Sue and Dickens. Nothing, too, can be more hideously distorted. Our liberal philanthropist pronounces the severest and most hopeless of condemnations on human nature, because he always finds the more intense depravity just in those circumstances where we would have expected, and rightfully expected, the most efficient influences for good. The church is full of it; the family, the home, is but a school of corruption (see Hints, pp. 60, 61); the legislator, the magistrate, the judge on the sacred seat of justice; all are depraved, exceedingly depraved, selfish, *vindictive*, whilst arraigned criminals are comparatively pure—they are the victims of false circumstances, they are affected by a depravity which is not *in* them but *out* of them; that is, outside of their souls; or, in other words, in the conformation of their skulls, or something still more exterior, in the nature of things and of society around them.

The book of Hints, for example, has been commended as abounding in hope for humanity; and yet we know of but f.w volumes of the size from which we could find more material for an argument to prove the utter hopelessness of all attempts at substantial human improvement. The only rational conclusion from premises most abundantly furnished in this book would be, that humanity, even in its

best conditions, is afflicted with an incurable disease, or for which there can be no hope, and no remedy, except in that interposition of divine grace, which is the last element the socialist would ever be willing to admit into his *theory*. For not only the Church, but the State is all wrong—wrong *fundamentally*, and therefore hopelessly, except through that entire reconstruction, which, in the very nature of things, no organism can ever achieve for itself. So also society is but the wreck or remains of a corrupt and ever corrupting civilization. Education, too, is everywhere managed on false ideas. Government punishment, all nations, too, of crime and its desert, although they have dwelt in all human souls and consciences since the creation, are grounded on principles fundamentally defective and unsound. Even God's earliest and most universal institution has failed. See another picture of it, Hints, p. 58, and similar representations everywhere in Fourier, and other socialists. The family is called "the narrow gate." The "isolated home" is the nursery of all malevolent affections. "The soul is distorted, shrivelled, dwarfed by its schooling." Hints, 58. In it "the boy becomes a selfish, sensual, grasping man, in fact only a politic beast of prey." Now these universal railers may be right; they may tell us, and they do tell us, many most humiliating and melancholy truths,—but what is the conclusion from it all? Grant that all have failed—the state, the church, the family—failed from fundamental defects in the institutions themselves, or from some inherent depravity in man which is ever leading him into mistakes—ever superinducing a vicious superstructure, however right the foundation, and all this ever the more as men are brought in crowded contact with their fellow-men—take either view, we say, and how stands the argument? What hope for the trades-union and the phalanx? The domestic affections, halowed in all ages by so many tender and sacred epithets—the home, the hearth, the altar,

"Saera Dei, sanctique patres,"

have turned out to be but the nursery of selfishness and malevolence, of "distorted, dwarfed, and shrivelled souls;" the strong motives to virtuous toil, to a conserving morality, to a religious dignity even, which would seem to belong to the reverend station of the *pater-familias*, have interposed no stay to human depravity; what hope of any new moral power or "moral suasion" that is to spring from "associations of labor and capital," or the new theory of "attractive industry" without a single tie or a single motive out of the individual *interest*? What charm in this language of the mart, this new dialect of Plutus, this refined diction of "an enlightened self-interest," that is to effect such a wondrous moral transformation of humanity? What magic virtue does it possess, that has perished out of those associations which God has sanctioned in His work, and implanted so deeply in our nature?

Again: We had fondly hoped that in the Bible we had a "true light, though 'shining in a dark place,'" and that he who studied it the most would have the best ideas of humanity, and of what was best for humanity; but this hope is gone; the Scriptures turn out to be no guide, or a superseded guide, or what is still more discouraging, and a far worse libel on the book than the base denial of its inspiration, it has been wholly misinterpreted and misunderstood for two thousand years. Plutarch says that one had better be an Atheist, and deny God's existence, than to indulge in base and blasphemous conceptions respecting

his nature and attributes. Whatever truth there may be in the remark, generally, it is certainly applicable to the Scriptures. Far better deny their reality, far less insulting to regard them as the venerable myths of a by-gone age, or even to treat them as "cunningly devised fables," full of extravagances and mistakes, than to charge them with fatuity. And he does this who pretends that the Bible has been wholly misunderstood, that during all this time, its pretended light has been but darkness; or that its voice has been uttering ambiguous oracles which men have tried in vain to comprehend. He, we say, who maintains, that at this late period, the essential truth of Christianity has yet to be discovered, or that its true application to humanity is now first beginning to be perceived, or that its fundamental truth and mission is not that which the Church has seen and held through all ages to the present time, he it is that reviles the authors of the Scriptures, who blasphemers not only Paul, and John, and Isaiah, but also Christ, and places Him who calls himself the light of the world far in the rear of Fourier, and Swedenborg, and all the modern illuminati who so very modestly claim for themselves what they deny to Christ's revelation, namely, to have some meaning, and to speak in language men *can* understand.

We might listen with some patience to this talk of new interpretations, and new aspects, and "unfulfilled missions," and "new light yet to break forth," if it came from the religious fanatic. The poor Millerite, crazed as he is with the contemplation of prophecies and symbols, gives evidence that he has indeed *studied the Scriptures*—studied them intently and fervently, although with a warped and blinded spirit. There is something in his unfeigned devotion to the written revelation which demands our sincere respect. It is his great and conclusive authority. There is something even sublime in the contemplation of his unwavering faith in the divine oracles, as containing the key to "all knowledge and all prophecy." We overlook the error of his bewildered calculations, in admiration of his unshaken trust in that article of the creed, so oft repeated, yet so little realized by the worldly and scoffing spirit—that "Christ shall indeed come at the last day to judge the quick and the dead." But the others of whom we speak, and who are ever talking of a misunderstood Christianity,—what evidence do they afford of a similar devotion and a similar trust? In truth, with all they have to say of the "Kingdom of Heaven," and the "Christ Dispensation," they know nothing of the Scriptures—they have no moral interest in them leading to a heartfelt and reverent study—they are not *their* authority—they have never thought of bringing down all their own speculations to a conformity with this written standard, or of taking it in all honesty and truthfulness as God's highest and conclusive revelation on the great subjects of human destiny and the true human well being. They indeed know nothing of the Scriptures, as they know little or nothing of the church, or what the church is doing. Their interpretations of the one are entitled to just about as much confidence as their continual caricatures of the other.

But our present remarks on the Social school have already reached a proper length. The whole subject is of great extent and exceedingly suggestive. It connects itself with a vast number of topics, and with almost all the questions of the day that relate to morals, politics, or religion. On another occasion we

may attempt to give a definition of true conservatism, take up the philosophy of the Socialist in respect to education, and point out some of the inconsistencies into which the school are ever falling, from the want of any fixed fundamental views on which to erect a solid and scientific superstructure.

The Hints has been used simply as the best exposition of this class of writers. Mr. Greeley is "the representative man" of the Social school. Had our remarks been intended solely, or mainly, as a review of this one particular book, a different course would have been taken. In a critical point of view, there is much in the work deserving of the highest admiration. There is a vast deal to which not only no just exception could be taken, but which might be quoted, by itself, as honorable alike to the head and the heart of the writer. Had such a particular review been contemplated by us, there would have been more care in regard to language intended to be given as characteristic of certain views, and of which, we are informed the author of the Hints complains. We, therefore, cheerfully do him the justice to say, that he nowhere (at least in his book of Hints, which we have carefully examined for that purpose) uses the phrases "the Christ," or the "ideal Christ," or "the Christ dispensation." This, however, is owing, we think, not to a want of sympathy with those who do use them, and with the very views of which they are the common watchwords, but to that strong common sense, and that sound moral taste, for which credit was given to him in the previous article. And yet whilst we cheerfully make this admission, we must protest against a demand he might make to be judged simply by expressions that have been written by his own pen. He is a "representative man;" he is the great *organ* of a school, and has no right, therefore, to ask a separate trial, or to sever himself from those with whom he maintains so close a communion, and so deep a sympathy. No man has done more to recommend this Social philosophy in all its *phases*, and in all its *phrases*. Those who have talked the most of "the Christ" and the "Christ dispensation," who have made these expressions the very shibboleths of their party, he has on all occasions, and without qualification, commended to his youthful hearers as a band of "*earnest clear-sighted spirits*," to "whom also he acknowledges himself deeply indebted for his own perception and expression of moral truth."—Hints, p. 86. The most offensive of them all, namely, "the Christ dispensation as seen from above," was prominent and even obtrusively conspicuous in the letter of a correspondent to whom he himself appended the most emphatic and unqualified commendation.

We cannot help feeling, however, that the credit thus given to him on the score of reverence and good taste, is somewhat at the expense of his ingenuousness. Although he avoids such terms as the "ideal Christ" or the "ideal Christianity," he presents, or tries to present (as far as so unmeaning a thing can be done), that distinction from which this whole dialect is derived. The whole point of one of his most labored sentences (as far as it has any point) rests upon it. Thus he says (Hints, p. 381): "The Christian *faith* and *worship* have widely diffused themselves, but where is the **CHRISTIAN IDEA**?" Now, to say nothing of the evident sneer at the supposed inanity of the Christian *faith* and *worship*, this Christian *idea*, so paraded in conspicuous capitals, either means nothing, or is wholly superfluous, or denotes something false and mischievous. If

it is meant for the *purpose* or *design* of Christianity (as the word is sometimes taken in common usage) then that purpose, whether it be to save men from Hell, or from sin, or from poverty, as well as the means by which it is to be accomplished, becomes itself an article of the creed, a *dogma* of the Christian *faith* to be acknowledged in the Christian *worship*. If meant for something else, then it is this very affectation of a mystical and transcendent idealism rising above faith and worship, and which is such favorite with the men who are ever most fond of decrying the latter. Unmeaning as it is in itself, it is the mother of all this brood of profanities. It is the empty shibboleth of all, whether in the church or out of the church, who rail at *dogmas*, or who would gain credit for the transcendent and the intuitional, by setting up an opposition between religion and theology. Mr. Greeley, however, is not at home in this cloudy region. He must have something clear and practical, and hence this Christian *idea* soon settles down into Socialism, or "the kingdom of love which Jesus came to establish ON EARTH."

Here again the capitals are his own; and yet it would doubtless be unjust to assert that Mr. Greeley holds to no spiritual aspect of Christianity having relation to a state beyond the grave. We would say, however, in answer to some complaints he has made, that this is of little consequence. The question is—Does he not everywhere make the secular view predominant, overshadowing, almost exclusive,—and that, too, whilst professing to treat of the great *idea* of Christianity. This is the error of the whole school. Some do it without remorse, or shame, or the least thought of any qualifying declarations. Mr. Greeley's moral sense, and moral tastes will not let him go so far; and hence his occasional caveats,—his "gratitudes" that there is something more in Christianity. But is not this something more as completely nullified by being thus put away in the background as though it had been directly denied?—especially by one who is not modestly content with treating of the temporal aspect by itself, as a lower thing, but is ever assuming to set forth the *great idea*. And then there remains still the important question to which we would wish to draw his earnest attention—Will even the secular good of Christianity be realized to any extent, except in proportion as its spiritual and eternal aspects are kept ever prominent?

Mr. Greeley says with great point and force—"The best *test* of any man's Christianity is his willingness to live and strive for others' well-being." We subscribe to it heartily as *one* of the best tests. There is another back of this, and absolutely essential as *definitive* of it, on which we cannot now dwell. But taking the proposition as it stands, is not the converse also true, and will not the author accept it, as thus stated?—That man will have most willingness to live and strive for others' *true* well-being, who has the truest views of Christianity (that is those that are most in accordance with the *Scriptures*), and, as the first and necessary means to this, the truest view of his own moral state in relation to it. Works may be taken as the *test* of a right faith—but a right faith can be the only ground of genuine good works.

We certainly would not intentionally do injustice to the author of the *Hints*. We cannot, however, blind ourselves to the fact, that the injurious tendency of his publications is in proportion to the earnestness with which he writes, and the amount of truth he succeeds in mingling with his errors. For the want of a

right faith, the greater his "willingness to live and strive" the greater the evil he has done and is doing in respect to the true *well-being* of humanity. If he thinks this a harsh judgment, we can only claim that the conviction on which it is founded is as honest and sincere as any of those motives which he would have conceded, and which we do cheerfully concede, to himself.

T. L.

THE BERBER.

The Berber; or, the Mountaineer of the Atlas. A Tale of Morocco. By William Starbuck Mayo, M.D. G. P. Putnam.

NOVELS of the old school, with a brace of lovers, an inexorable papa, a desperate villain, and a marvellous coadjutor of virtue and champion of oppressed innocence, in the shape of some mysterious, ubiquitous personage, who always contrives to turn up at the critical period, ward off the impending catastrophe, and extricate the deserving parties from impending destruction, to make them happy for life—such novels, with all their episodes of sentiment and interludes of fancy, are getting completely out of fashion. The old race of the heroes and heroines of the circulating libraries are disappearing, and it is very hard work nowadays for the novelist to construct an effective romance out of those meagre materials which, fifty years ago, were considered all-sufficient—the fortunes of distressed lovers.

Nevertheless, good story is always a good thing, especially if it be told in such a way as to gain in the telling perhaps more than its own intrinsic value. And it is no drawback to the pleasure of a reader to feel that the gratification he derives from a stirring narrative is less in the matter of the narrative than the manner of the narrator.

Nobody knows better than Dr. Mayo what constitutes a good story. He is evidently one of the most practical of all novelists. He sets out with the intention of making the most of his materials, and never misses the chance of a good hit or a striking denouement. He loses no time in detail, and wastes none of his energies on immaterialities. He would sacrifice his hero at any moment if he could gain anything in general effect by it, or butcher his heroine in cold blood for the sake of the story.

The Berber is a novel somewhat of the antiquated order, so far as its machinery and *dramatis personae* are concerned; but by starting at top speed, and never letting up or losing wind, the author manages to carry the story through in dashing style, and to the admiration of his readers. The present book is a much severer test of his powers than *Kaloolah*; there he had the field to himself, and was able to violate the unities *ad libitum*; but now that he has put himself into the traces as a novelist of the orthodox and established school, he must, perforce, submit to all the rules and ordinances. This he does, and yet manages so gracefully to prevent them from choking the vitality out of his story, that the *Berber* is a double triumph.

As the novel itself has had so narrow an escape from dulness, we must decline giving any synopsis of its contents, inasmuch as by attempting to do so we should infallibly convey the impression, in spite of intentions to the contrary, that it is, after all, only one of the old sort of love stories. The incidents are what make it interesting, and give it its true character as an original book. In point of plot, the story of *Don Raphael in Gil Blas*, of which the *Berber* reminds us, in similarity of scene, is much more striking.

The Emperor of Morocco is a personage who figures in the story, and gives the author opportunities for some of the most effective of his descriptions. Dr. Mayo, we notice, is obliged to add foot notes to various parts of the text in which his Majesty of Morocco appears, to assure his readers that he is not drawing upon his unlimited resources of imagination for the substance of his narrative. There is very good reason why he should be obliged to corroborate such a description as this, which we quote from the *Romance*, of a morning reception of the Sultan:—

"It was morning at Mequinez. In a large court communicating with the garden of the harem were assembled all the dignitaries of the court. A body of black troops lined each side of the square. Four stalwart negroes lounged at a little distance from the archway by which the sultan was expected to enter. These were the executioners, the invariable attendants at a *meshourah* or royal audience, who, at a look from their master, could seize the unfortunate subject of the monarch's wrath, and tossing him into the air, let him fall so as to break any prescribed number of bones, or to kill him outright.

"In front of the arch were gathered the officers of the court, the chief dignitaries of the city, mingled with kais and lieutenant-kais from Morocco and Fez, and bashaws from the provinces of Sous and Tefilet. At a little distance a group of four or five Jews in black skull-cap and bornoise, cowered in deprecating attitude beneath the fierce looks of the negro guard.

"A striking contrast was that between the insolent air of these black barbarians from the further side of the Sahara, and the subdued voices and anxious looks of the Maroquin courtiers.

"'May God prolong the life of the sultan,' whispered a bashaw to the kaid of the gate. 'Hast thou heard in what mood it has pleased his majesty to rise this morning?'

"'May the sultan's life be prolonged,' replied the kaid. 'A eunuch just whispered me that it had pleased our Lord the Shereef to rise with his sword in his teeth.'

"And the word passed through the groups of anxious officials that something had gone wrong with his majesty during the night, and that probably more than one head would roll from its shoulders in token of the sultan's displeasure.

"The gates were thrown open, and the sultan was seen on horseback in the middle of a small court, beneath an umbrella of red silk which was supported on a long pole by a stalwart negro. The natural ugliness of this umbrella-bearer was heightened by innumerable scars, the marks of the cimeter with which his services had been frequently rewarded when his master could find no one else upon whom to vent his wrath. Two or three negroes, with half a dozen renegade Christian boys, were in attendance, but preserving an unusually respectful distance.

"Muley Ismael, the sixth monarch of the dynasty founded upon the subversion of the Oataze by the Shereefs of Tefilet, a family so named because claiming descent from the Prophet, was at this time about seventy years of age. Forty years of his life he had passed upon a throne, which, by his talents and energy, he had consolidated out of the petty kingdoms of Sous, Morocco, Fez, and Tefilet. Of a middle size—his frame, owing to his extreme temperance, was still vigorous and active. He could mount his horse by vaulting, without assistance, and could wield his cimeter, if not on the field of battle against his enemies, at least in his own court, with a degree of skill and force that was perfectly satisfactory to his courtiers and friends. His complexion was very dark, his mother having been a woman from Soudan; but his features inclined more to the Moorish than the negro style of face. His eyes, black and piercing, sparkled with intelligence, or gleamed with the most ferocious malice. His mouth was wide, and generally distorted by a sardonic grin, while

his toothless gums added to its disagreeable expression, which was somewhat relieved, however, by a snow-white beard. His dress was a plain white haick, beneath which was a green caftan, and a pair of short wide trousers of woollen. Around his waist he wore a silken sash, and a Morocco belt studded with jewels, from which depended the scabbard of a diamond hilted cimeter. To the terror of the courtiers it was noticed that the color of this sash was yellow, a sure indication that the sultan was in no pleasant humor. Yellow slippers covered his feet, and a voluminous turban of fine linen surrounded a high peaked *fez*.

"The instant the gates were thrown open, the sultan, instead of moving forward with majestic tranquillity at a pace that would have allowed his umbrella-bearer to keep up with him, struck his spurs into his horse, and dashed through the archway into the court of audience at full speed. As he passed the gates his horse swerved a little, bringing his majesty's foot slightly in contact with the dress of one of the gatekeepers. The sultan threw himself back in the saddle, the powerful Moorish bit jerking the horse to his haunches, and holding for an instant his fore feet suspended in the air. Like a gleam of light the imperial cimeter descended upon the head of the unlucky porter, and felled him to the earth. The next instant the snorting bark leaped beneath the touch of the tremendous Moorish rowels right amid the trembling group assembled in the court. And now was presented one of those singular scenes which, when occurring in authentic history, we read with sentiments of the most profound incredulity, forgetting that the possessor of perfectly despotic power is almost necessarily a madman.

"Long life and health to Sidi! May God preserve Sidi!" shouted with one accord the courtiers, at the same time prostrating themselves to the ground, and crouching and cringing around the sultan, endeavoring to touch his feet or to kiss his garments or the trappings of his horse. The sultan, however, kept his horse in motion and his cimeter whirling, and it was with no small expenditure of agility that his courtiers contrived to pay their customary salutations, and yet to preserve their bodies from the horses' hoofs or their necks from the steel. As it was, several turbans were already cut through, and a dozen haicks were stained with blood, when suddenly the sultan checked his horse, and sheathing his cimeter with a growl of rage, he passed his hands into the folds of his sash and drew out a paper.

"Traitors!" he shouted, glaring round upon his panting and terrified court. "Dogs! whose work is this! Who of you has dared to sell himself to the Berber?" and the old monarch shook the paper with convulsive energy.

"Read this," he exclaimed to an officer who held the office of chief kaid of the gate.

The kaid advanced, took the paper, and after kissing the hem of the imperial haick, he read in a loud voice as follows:—

"To the powerful Muley Ismael, Emperor of Morocco, Soos, and Teflet, whom God preserve in the paths of justice and mercy. Know that thy demand for more tribute than the free Amazerg of the hills has of his own accord consented to pay is unjust. Know also that thy design to ravage the country of the Ait Amoor is known to me. Be warned in time, and let there be peace between us. I fear you not, and wish you well, in token whereof I pin this paper with my dagger to your pillow, and not to your heart.

"CASBIN EL SUBAH."

"What think you," demanded the sultan, when the kaid had finished; "whence comes this? Who pinned that paper to my pillow?"

"May God for ever preserve Sidi, but I know not," replied the trembling kaid.

"Think you it was the Berber chieftain himself?"

"God knows," replied the kaid, falling upon his knees.

"God knows, but you do not," growled the sultan; "and yet you are laid of the gates."

Muley Ismael glared around upon his court with the look of a tiger, selecting a victim, and then raising his finger the four negroes darted upon the prostrate and grovelling form of the unfortunate officer.

"God is great! and there is no God but God! may he lengthen the life of Sidi!" exclaimed the kaid; but with the words in his mouth, his body was whirled aloft on the extended arms of the gigantic negroes, and then dashed head first with mortal force upon the marble pavement.

The sultan started for a moment with a grin of maniacal rage distorting his toothless mouth, upon the lifeless body of the kaid, while the courtiers began to elevate their voices in expressions of admiration of his justice and goodness, and in wishes for his long life and prosperity. One Moor, however, of a dignified mien, and of a complexion that would have compared for clearness and whiteness with that of the inhabitants of northern Europe, stood a little apart in silence. He either could not, or would not, join in the sycophantic plaudits that were beginning to arise from all quarters of the court.

As the eyes of the monarch turned from the body of the kaid, they fell upon the silent figure of the Moor.

"Hah!" exclaimed the sultan, "Abdallah ibn Asken! what thinkest thou of the justice of the shereef?"

"To approve or disapprove, in answer to such a question, was well known to be attended with equal danger, and for a moment Abdallah stood without making any reply.

With a deep-drawn yell of concentrated passion, Muley Ismael spurred towards him. "Dog! son of a Christian!"—you, a descendant of the Ommeyah of Andalusia" he shouted, and raising his sword, let it fall with full force upon the head of the Moor, who, as the blade descended, received it without moving from his tracks. Luckily the thick turban afforded a partial defence; but still the keen steel cleaved the scalp, and, glancing, inflicted a deep wound in the shoulder. The sword itself, by the force of the blow, was wrenched from the sultan's hand, and flew out some distance on the pavement.

Quietly Abdallah turned, took a few steps, picked up the sword, and deliberately wiped the bloody blade upon his haick. He then advanced to the emperor, who sat motionless upon his horse, and presenting the hilt bowed his head.

"God is God," exclaimed Abdallah, "and I submit to my fate at his hands, and at the hands of the shereef."

Muley Ismael, although one of the most suspicious, irritable, and cruel tyrants that ever filled a throne, had his moments of generosity. From the extreme of passion it was no uncommon thing for him to pass to the extreme of kindness and condescension.

Receiving the cimeter he returned it to its sheath, and then, unbuckling the belt, handed it back to Abdallah.

"Receive this," said the sultan; "oh, worthy descendant of the royal Ommeyah; may God restore their dynasty to the throne of Cordova; receive it as a token of our satisfaction that there is at least one brave and honest man in our court."

Abdallah bowed himself to the stirrup of the sultan, and kissed his foot. Muley Ismael placed his hand upon the Moor's head, and raising it, exclaimed in a loud voice, "Long life to Abdallah ibn Asken, Chief Kaid of the gates!"

The tongues of the courtiers were loosened. The smiles of the sultan having returned, they felt secure of their heads for another day. Shouts of delight at the goodness and greatness of God, and at the wisdom, and mercy, and justice of the shereef, rose upon the air, and circled the arched corridors of the harem, and penetrated even to a distant square, where were lying the lifeless bodies of four women, who, without the slightest ground for suspicion, had been ordered to execution upon the first discovery of the Berber's note."

The Berber is a terrible fellow. He is the dread of the Sultan and his court, the pride of his native tribe; and what is more to the purpose, the deliverer and adorer of the fair Juniata, the heroine of the story, a captive Andalusian maiden, who, with her sister (who in the sequel marries a very religious and amiable pirate, Hassan Herach, himself one of the heroes of the story), has been carried into Moorish slavery, and whom the invincible Berber, after rescuing two or three times from dreadful perils, finally secures the peaceable possession of, by a stratagem or exploit, which is the crowning incident of the tale, and deserves quoting:—

HOW CASBIN EL SUBAH CARRIED OFF THE SULTAN'S SON AS A HOSTAGE FOR THE FAIR JUNIATA.

"Arrived at the further side of the plain, and near the banks of the little stream we have mentioned, the sultan dismounted. A thick carpet, or rug, was spread upon the ground, and upon this was placed a large, richly ornamented, morocco cushion. Muley Ismael seated himself upon the cushion; his slaves and guards drew off behind him. The principal officers and dignitaries arranged themselves on either hand and a little in the rear. Mingled with these were several renegades, and the members of a French mission which had recently arrived with propositions for the ransom of certain slaves. At the feet of the sultan gambolled his favorite son—the child we have before mentioned—an infant of some three years of age, and the only privileged intruder upon the narrow bounds of the imperial carpet. To many of the spectators this child was an object of more interest than anything else in the pageant. The doting fondness of his father was well known, and by not a few was it surmised that the desire to secure to him the succession would endanger the lives of his elder brothers and their adherents.

In front of the sultan's position, and running directly by the edge of the imperial carpet, was a broad, firm, well-trodden piece of ground. No grass grew upon it; every blade having been trampled out in the frequently repeated exhibitions of equestrian skill, of which it had been the scene. The crowding of the troops, despite the desperate efforts of the keepers of the ground, reduced this space to a long narrow avenue, flanked by dense masses of horsemen on the one side, with the imperial cortege and the banks of the water course on the other. Luckily for the pedestrians there were at this end of the plain a number of elevations that commanded a view of the ground.

The sultan gave the signal for the game to begin. Separating themselves from a body of picked horsemen, a small party of five or six, all of whom were captains in either the black or Moorish troops, dashed forward at full speed. Their generous chargers, urged to the highest exertion by the strongly aspirated "Ha, ha! ha, ha!" of the riders, and the free use of the cruel Moorish spur, an instrument having, for rowel, a large iron spike of from five to eight inches in length, strained every muscle. Twirling their long guns around their heads, the horsemen brought them down with the butts resting squarely against their breasts, and the barrels inclined downwards over the heads of their steeds. Upon reaching the spot where the sultan was seated, and just as they were about to dash by him, their pieces were simultaneously discharged, and each man drawing rein, the course of their horses was instantaneously checked. With haunches almost touching the ground, and quivering throughout every fibre, from the intense exertion of the sudden check to which they were forced by the powerful Moorish bit, they rested a moment; the horsemen threw their muskets with a whirling motion into the air; recovered their horses with a single *demivolte*, and, wheeling slowly, walked them back to the place from whence they started.

Another party succeeded, going through the same evolutions, and then giving place to others

who rapidly followed. Now and then a single horseman darted forth, and varied the monotony of the game by some extraordinary display of equestrian skill, which was always liberally rewarded with shouts of applause. Jumping to the ground, and again vaulting to the saddle; bending down and touching the ground, and standing up in the saddle at full speed, were severally attempted. These feats—comparatively easy in the circus, where the motion of the horse is perfectly true, and where the rider can oppose centrifugal force to the attraction of gravity—are known to be extremely difficult in a straight course, especially the latter one; and it was only for a moment that the boldest and most dexterous of those who attempted it could retain their balance. They were no sooner on their feet than they were compelled to sink again to their seats in the saddle, or, as happened in two or three instances, be pitched headlong to the ground. Still, every attempt to ride standing up in the saddle, even at half speed, if successful only for a moment, received the loudest plaudits of the multitude. The same feat by two horsemen riding together seemed to be much more easily performed. The reins being intertwined so as to connect the horses by the head, the riders stood up and succeeded in balancing each other until they reached the carpet of the sultan. They were two well known Arab kais from the province of Darah, celebrated for its horses, and the most noted equestrians of their tribe. Their performance was greeted with shouts of applause. Again and again they ran a course, introducing a variety of novel and difficult feats; changing horses at full speed; lifting each other from the saddle; stooping to the ground; vaulting from side to side; throwing themselves under the bodies of their horses, and riding in all manner of positions, which in a straight wide course, with the common saddle, is, as we have said, incomparably more difficult than the most striking triumphs of the amphitheatre.

"Of the performers none seemed to enjoy the excitement more than the horses themselves, and nothing could be more striking than the contrast between the languor with which, when the course was run, they returned to the starting point, and the fiery impatience evinced in every motion when preparing for the start.

"For two hours and more an uninterrupted succession of 'powder burnings,' under the nose of the sultan, had been kept up, and the interest of the performance was beginning to abate. Muley Ismael's face wore an air of abstraction, and he began to evince signs of restlessness and impatience. More than once it was observed that a sneer of contempt curled his lip. The courtiers noticed the look of dissatisfaction, and earnestly they prayed that some better, or at least some bolder rider, might appear, who would divert the rising wrath of the sultan, if only by a desperate and mortal fall.

"It was just at this moment that there occurred a slight pause in the game. The eyes of the sultan, and those of his attendants rolling in sycophantic sympathy with his, were turned aside in the direction of the lower end of the lists. Suddenly a single horseman sprang into the open place in front of a party who were preparing to start. No one could tell whence or how he came; and no time did the stranger give them for question or salutation. The beauty and spirit of the horse—a tall jet black barb—and the graceful ease of the rider, excited at the first glance a glow of admiration.

"Ha—ha! Boroon!" exclaimed the horseman, at the same moment slipping his feet, which were unencumbered with spurs, from the broad sharp cornered stirrups, and springing erect to the saddle. The gallant barb at the word sprang forward as if a thousand spurs were goading him. Firmly and gracefully his rider stood; one foot on the saddle, the other extended in the air; his left hand grasping the rein, his right raised aloft, with his polished musket twirling horizontally by the mere motion of the fingers, and so rapidly that it presented the appearance of a wheel.

"As the head of the barb came on a line with the imperial carpet, his course was instantaneously arrested. So sudden and so complete was the check that he did not even pass the carpet, but sliding along a few feet with his haunches to the ground, brought his rider right abreast of the sultan. The horseman leaped lightly from the crouching steed, and bending down touched the edge of the carpet, put his hand to his lips, and instantly sprang back with his feet to the saddle, when he stood erect for a moment, and then quietly sank to his seat, wheeled his horse and leisurely walked him back to the end of the course.

"Sixty thousand voices rent the air with a simultaneous shout of applause. Never had such a course been run in Morocco. Never before had such a position been assumed with such boldness, or maintained with such firmness and grace, or finished with such precision and agility. Muley Ismael straightened himself up—glanced at the French ambassador and his suite, grinned graciously upon his attendants, and allowed several expressions of commendation to escape him, 'Excellent! Wonderful! Well done! Thank God there is one man here to-day who knows how to ride!'

"The deliberate pace at which the horseman returned to the starting place, afforded all eyes a good opportunity of scanning his dress and person. As to his features, they were nearly concealed by the ends of his turban, which with apparent carelessness were allowed to hang down on each side of his face; but no outer garment concealed the proportions of his fine figure. A close-fitting caftan, or vest, of red cloth, over a shirt of linen, and a pair of short wide white linen trousers, set off and revealed his light but muscular form to the best advantage.

"But not less worthy of admiration was the horse than the rider, particularly to judges of the animal, of whom there were not a few on the ground. The fine points of Boroon were noted and eagerly commented upon. His jet black skin, immaculate from color, except where his wide expanded nostrils exposed a delicate circle of pink. His small but long head, gracefully placed at the end of a tapering, tendinous, and slightly arched neck; his height—nearly sixteen hands; his broad chest; his oblique muscular shoulders; his fine sinewy legs; long withy pastern, and the huge veins, lying just beneath the skin, and showing that a large part of his circulation was carried over the surface, and, therefore, not liable to be hurried by the compression of contracting muscles; together with twenty other marks and points of more fanciful significance, were loudly indicated by the excited crowd, as with loosened rein, hanging head, and a composed step, he bore his master back to the starting point.

"Not a look did the latter bestow upon the multitude. His whole attention seemed given to his horse. Leaning forward he patted his neck, pulled his ears, and caressed him in a variety of ways, at the same time addressing to him, in a low tone, words of the most affectionate endearment.

"'Oh! Boroon!' he exclaimed. 'Son of the Beautiful! Breath of the east wind! Be true to me to-day—fail me not, for great is my strait, and sore would be my trouble, did I not depend upon thee! Quietly, Boroon!—save thy courage for the time of need—it is at hand. Oh! Boroon! fail me not, and her hand shall caress thee—her voice shall cheer thee! I swear it, son of the Beautiful!'

"Boroon replied to his master's words with an expansion of the nostrils, and a low snuffle of delight; but he raised not his head, nor altered his gait, until he wheeled with his head pointing up the lists. Then indeed his whole manner changed. His head was erect, his eyes flashed fire, his breath was blown from his nostrils with a furious snort of impatience, the foam flew from his mouth, and every muscle quivered with excitement; but still he stirred not.

"The shouts and exclamations subsided—a deep silence prevailed throughout the multitude.

"'Ha—ha! Boroon!' exclaimed his master,

and with a spring, light as that of a wild cat, the fiery animal started.

"With a loud shout the horseman tossed his musket high in the air, caught it as it descended, and instantly stooping from his saddle, placed it upon the ground. As he rose, he bent down again on the other side, touching the ground with his left hand. Again rising, he descended to the right, and so on alternately, a dozen times, in rapid succession, each time grasping the soil, and scattering it in the faces of the nearest soldiers. Arrived at the sultan's carpet, he checked his steed again within a few feet of the edge—recovered him the next instant, and then forcing him into a series of lofty croupades and curvets, marked with the sharp corner of his wide shovel-shaped stirrup-iron the initials of the sultan's name.

"There was an instant's pause, and then such a shout went up as had never before echoed over the plain of El Sakel. Muley Ismael smiled, and again applauded; the royal attendants were of course vociferous, and swelled with their voices the roar of the soldiers and the populace. Even the sleepy little Muley Abderrhaman sprang to his feet at the front of the carpet, and joined his childish cries to the rest. The letters were large, and scored roughly on the smooth shining flanks of Boroon, were visible to all except the more distant spectators in the field.

"Once more all sounds were hushed. The horses, even, seemed to partake of the sensation, and ceased their champing and pawing. Again the strange horseman commenced a career, but not with the same reckless impetuosity. It was observed that his steed, although plunging furiously, was kept well in hand, and all eyes followed, with intense interest, his every movement. He passed his gun without stooping to pick it up. What could he be going to do? Silence!—hush:—not a whisper! His horse swerved violently from side to side. Expectation was excited to the utmost. He was evidently preparing for something desperate. Some daring feat; and novel too, thought the crowd; else why move so slowly? and why such an air of preparation? The course was almost finished. He was nearly abreast of the seat of the sultan, when suddenly his horse swerved violently to one side, bringing his hoofs on to the very edge of the imperial carpet. At this moment it was observed that the horseman held a paper, which, bowing himself from his saddle, he threw into the lap of Muley Ismael. At the same instant, with a rapid sweep of his arm, he seized the young Muley Abderrhaman. Clutching the child by the clothes, the horseman swung him to his saddle-bow; growling, while bending over him in the act, almost in the ears of the astonished father, in the deep guttural of the Arabic—

"Look to the paper, and when you want him, send to Casbin Subah!"

"Wheeling his horse short round, the Berber leaped a corner of the royal carpet, knocking over one of the umbrella bearers, and dashing through the shrinking slaves in the rear of the sultan. In a moment he was at the banks of the shallow stream, down which his steed scrambled with cat-like agility. A few jumps cleared the narrow bed; and then, breasting him by main force through a thicket of oleanders, the other bank was gained, and the gallant animal, with loosened rein, was skimming the plain in the direction of the hills, with a stride as steady, and almost as rapid as the sweep of an eagle.

"For a few minutes the sultan, his officers, and slaves, were lost in astonishment. Stupified at the audacity of the act, they stood as if doubting the evidence of their senses. In sixty thousand minds arose, simultaneously, an idea of djins, or of Ebliß himself. The sultan was the first to recover himself. He knew that the daring rider was no djin, and he bounded to his feet convulsed with rage and fear.

"It is impossible to describe fully the scene of confusion that followed. The whole field was in commotion. Troop pressed upon troop. The masses swayed backward and forward, and orders, execrations, and cries of pain made a terrible

chorus with the stamping and snorting of steeds, and the clashing of muskets and sabres. Muley Ismael, crazy with passion, drew his cimeter, and for a moment laid about him in every direction. He vociferated for his horse ; tore his beard ; dashed his turban to the ground, and shouted, like one possessed, his orders for instant pursuit.

"The very ardor of the troops prevented these orders from being early obeyed, and before the masses of cavalry could extricate themselves from the confusion, into which they had been thrown by the effort of all to be first in the chase, the Berber had been able to gain a start of more than a mile.

"At length the Moors and blacks got under way. The little stream was something of an obstacle, but at various points it was quickly overcome. Over it poured the excited crowd, until more than thirty thousand horse thundered over the plain, gradually extending themselves in long lines, as the relative difference in the speed of their horses began to exhibit itself.

"Soon those who lagged the most began to rein up, until ere two leagues had been passed the body of the pursuers were reduced to a few score of the best mounted, whose pure blooded, thorough-bred steeds enabled them to keep together, and also to slowly, but certainly gain upon the Berber, whose horse labored under the terrible disadvantage of the additional weight of the child."

This work must have a run. It is more generally entertaining than *Kaloolah*, and cannot fail of as many readers, at least, as that very popular story. It is not too late for the summer solstice, during which works of fiction are always in the ascendant.

GOETHE'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

THE AMERICAN AND ENGLISH VERSIONS.

Truth and Poetry from My Own Life; or the Autobiography of Goethe. Edited by Parke Godwin. 2 vols. New York. G. P. Putnam. 1850.

The same; Translated from the German by John Oxenford, Esq. London. H. G. Bohn. 1848.

It is a very cool thing for a man to find fault with what he borrows and doesn't intend to return ; but to deey what one steals, and openly inform the victim of one's depredations that his wares are not quite up to expectation, is what might be considered as the *Nova Zembla* of impudence. The appropriation of the London translator (so called) and his publisher, of the American version of Goethe's Autobiography, furnishes the proof that this degree of complacent piracy may sometimes be attained. Mr. Parke Godwin, of this city, with the co-operation of some literary friends, translated the present work for Messrs. Wiley & Putnam's Library of Choice Reading, in which the first edition made its appearance. It was a difficult and laborious undertaking, but the editor succeeded in presenting the Autobiography of Goethe to English and American readers in an accurate, careful, and spirited version. The book itself is one of the most characteristic and powerful of the productions of its great author, and it only needed time and opportunity to become widely known and popular in the translation. The immediate circulation in this country of a work of this character could not, however, be expected to equal that of publications of more recent authorship and more immediate interest. The publishers here relied in part upon a favorable reception of the translation in England, to which it was eminently entitled.

The way in which the book was bodily appropriated by the English publisher, and reprinted as an original English translation, and, at the same time, disparaged and decried so far as the New York edition was concerned,

is a curious piece of effrontery, of which we give the account entire, as it appears in the Preface to the new American edition.

"Since the first edition of this work was published, an edition has been put forth in England, of which the following is the title-page : 'The Autobiography of Goethe: Truth and Poetry from my Life. Translated from the German, by John Oxenford, Esq. London: H. G. Bohn. 1848.'

"On the next page there is an 'Advertisement,' of which this is the opening paragraph :— Before the following translation was commenced, the first ten books had already appeared in America. It was the intention of the publisher to reprint these without alteration, but, on comparing them with the original, it was perceived that the American version was not sufficiently faithful, and, therefore, the present was undertaken. The translator, however, is bound to acknowledge, that he found many successful renderings in the work of his predecessor, and these he has ingrafted without hesitation."

"Now, we quote this title-page and advertisement, in order to expose one of the most unblushing pieces of literary theft on record. Any person reading them would suppose, 1. That the English edition was a veritable new translation from the German ; 2. That it had been made by John Oxenford, Esq. ; 3. That the American version was not a faithful one ; and 4. That the same version had merely been used occasionally to help Mr. Oxenford to 'many successful renderings' of the first ten books. But, in supposing so, the reader would be misled into just as many errors.

"The English is not a new translation at all, but a bold appropriation of the American version, which is proved by the facts, that whole pages of the two editions are precisely the same ; that in other pages only slight verbal alterations have been made, such as 'felicity' for happiness, and 'progress' for advance, &c., &c. ; that the very typographical errors of the American edition have been retained ; that foot-notes added by the American translators are the same ; and, finally, that the main difference between the two editions consists in the occasional reconstruction or transposition of a sentence, while the great body of the work, in tone, manner, and style, is entirely unchanged.

"Mr. John Oxenford, therefore, did not translate the English edition from the German ; he simply appropriated the American edition, superadding to the wrong of the theft the injustice of a false accusation. For he pronounces the American version 'not sufficiently faithful,' meaning to convey thereby the idea that the translation is either incorrect or incomplete. But it is neither. Not a single line of the German original has been omitted, and it is believed that every sentence has been rendered with tolerable fidelity. It is very likely that the American translators may have here and there fallen into some verbal mistakes ; for it is hardly possible to turn some thousand pages, particularly of so idiomatic and precise a writer as Goethe, out of one language into another, without a single error ; but they confidently believe that they have committed no more errors than are usual with the best scholars in such cases. The translations of the different parts were first made by different individuals, and they were then carefully gone over by the editor, who compared each line with the original, and re-wrote many passages, to produce uniformity of style in the rendering.

"The 'many successful renderings,' then, of the first ten books, to which Mr. Oxenford refers, and under which phrase he attempts an adroit concealment of his fraud, comprise nearly the whole twenty books, that is, the entire work. It would have been more manly, to say the least of it, not to have made any allusion to the American edition at all, than to have noticed it in this uncandid and ungenerous manner.

"That our readers may see that we do not exaggerate in this matter, we shall copy one or two passages at random from the respective editions. Here is the first sentence of the first book, for instance :—

"AMERICAN EDITION.

"On the 29th of August, 1749, at midday, as the clock struck 12, I came into the world, at Frankfort on the Main. My horoscope was propitious : the sun stood in the sign of the Virgin, and had exulted for the day. Jupiter and Venus looked on with a friendly eye, and Mercury not adversely ; while Saturn and Mars kept themselves indifferent : the Moon alone, just full, exerted her reflex power, all the more as she had then reached her planetary hour."

"ENGLISH EDITION.

"On the 29th of August, 1749, at midday, I came into the world, at Frankfort on the Main. My horoscope was propitious. The sun stood in the sign of the Virgin, and had exulted for the day. Jupiter and Venus looked on with a friendly eye, and Mercury not adversely ; while Saturn and Mars kept themselves indifferent : the Moon alone, just full, exerted her power of reflexion, all the more as she had then reached her planetary hour."

"The translation of this passage, which any reader who will consult the original will find is somewhat peculiar, is word for word the same in the two versions, with the exception that the phrase 'her reflex power' of the American, is changed into 'her power of reflexion' in the English, which is not so good. But this passage is a specimen of nearly the whole work.

"On page 159 of the American edition is this sentence :— 'Scarcely had I set foot in the house, when my father caused me to be called, and communicated to me that it was now quite certain that the Archduke Joseph would be elected and crowned King of Rome.' In the English edition, page 147, this sentence reads, 'Scarcely had I reached home, than my father caused me to be called, and communicated to me that it was now quite certain that the Archduke Joseph would be elected and crowned King of Rome.' The change of phrase here is from good to bad grammar ; but that which really needed to be changed, the title 'King of Rome,' was retained, although the American translators had pointed out in the errata that it should have read 'King of the Romans.' The former title was that of Napoleon's son, while the latter is always applied to the successor elect of the German empire. The same mistake occurs in another place. Again, on page 161 of the American edition, it reads, 'An interest in that great political event, the choice and coronation of the Roman Emperor, grew deeper every day.' In the English edition it reads, 'That great political object, the election and coronation of a King of Rome, was pursued with more and more earnestness.' Here the sentence is quite altered—but, then, it no longer expresses the meaning of the original, while the error about the King of Rome is repeated for the third time. On page 162 the American translators used the word 'ascent' twice in the same sentence for 'procession.' On page 150 of the English edition, the same errors occur in the same identical sentence. But we might point out many other similar instances.

"Mr. Oxenford says that only 'the first ten books had appeared,' &c. Let us select a passage, then, from one of the later books,—this poetry, for example, from the 17th Book :

"AMERICAN EDITION.

"Heart, my heart, oh, what hath changed thee,
What doth weigh on thee so sore ;
What hath from thyself estranged thee,
That I scarcely know thee more ?

"Gone is all which thou held dearest,
Gone the care which thou kept nearest,
Gone thy toils and after-bless,
Ah ! how couldst thou come to this ?

"ENGLISH EDITION.

"Heart, my heart, oh, what hath changed thee,
What doth weigh on thee so sore ;
What hath from myself estranged thee,
That I scarcely know thee more ?

"Gone is all which once seemed dearest,
Gone the care which once was nearest,
Gone thy toils and tranquil bliss,
Ah ! how couldst thou come to this ?

"An extraordinary coincidence these free translations of a poetical passage, particularly when it runs through eleven verses or more ! We submit, however, that the change in the third line from 'thyself' to 'myself,' and in the seventh from 'after-bless' to 'troublous bliss,' is a departure from the original. The 'rendering' would have been

more 'successful' if it had been allowed to stand as it was in the American edition.

"But we will not pursue this matter any further. Our object is not so much to expose the dishonesty of John Oxenford, Esq., as it is to present the American public with one more proof of the necessity of an international copyright law. This translation occupied the time of several literary persons during the better part of a whole winter. It was printed and published by American publishers at an expense of nearly two thousand dollars. But as both the translators and the publishers knew that it was not likely to have an extensive sale in the American market, they confidently relied upon the English market for their remuneration. Yet the book had hardly appeared before a cheaper edition of it was issued in England, whereby the sale of the American edition was almost wholly cut off. Thus, the American translators have lost their time, and the American publishers their profits, for the want of that protection which the law extends to every kind of property except literary. What encouragement is there, in this state of things, for American scholars, or for the publishers of American books?

"As a mere question of international justice, it is perhaps right that American books should be reprinted in England, since we have reprinted so many English books. But in respect to the individuals whose labors are appropriated, this reciprocal free-booking, as Hood used to call it, operates as a signal wrong and calamity.

"We do not complain, we repeat, of the reprinting of our book in England, for that was to have been expected, in the present condition of the law; but we do complain that a bad name should have been given to it by the very party who surreptitiously published it as his own."

The present edition is issued in elegant form, by Mr. Putnam, and will be found one of the most entertaining books of the season, especially to the students of German Literature.

An Oration delivered at Charles'own, on the Seventy-fifth Anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill, June 17, 1850. By Edward Everett. Boston: Redding & Co.

The method, ease, and philosophical reflection of Mr. Everett are happily displayed in this oration. He lays a ground-work for his subsequent deductions, in a graphic picture of the event of the day to be celebrated—a finished picture of a scene often but never better presented. After setting the battle tingibly before the eye, with its stirring moral and pictureque incidents, he proceeds to trace the consequences of the day in history, or rather the memorable changes in society and government which followed. He sees other forces at work than battles and revolutions, as he traces the conquest of the soil, and the peaceful triumphs of the constitution. These are the arts and the empire of America.

A rapid sketch suggests to us the early circumstances of the colonization of the country, leaving us to measure the work left to be accomplished by our fathers and ourselves.

"But the settlement and colonization of America; this mighty extension of the domain of civilization; this transmission of the culture of the old world to regions lying in a state of nature, under the happiest auspices for needed reformation and further progress,—was the important work to be achieved in the new order of things. It would require a space greatly beyond the limits of the present occasion, and involve a reference to some of the most perplexing questions of civil polity, to sketch even the outlines of the history of the measures undertaken to accomplish this end. I will only observe that it was attempted by Spain and Portugal on the one hand; by England, and, to a very limited degree, by Holland and Sweden on the other. The Catholic powers,

of Latin origin, occupied the southern continent, Mexico, and Florida. The Protestantism of the Anglo-Saxon states took possession of the North. The former established a vast governmental monopoly of the precious metals and the commerce of the East; by the latter the work was left to private adventure, feebly protected by the state; and, as far as New England is concerned, prompted and cheered by a glowing zeal for religious liberty. France preceded England in the occupation of North America. With one foot at the mouth of the Mississippi, and the other on the gulf of the St. Lawrence, and a line of posts along the lakes, she rendered it doubtful for two centuries to whom North America would belong, or in what proportions it should be divided between the two great schools of European civilization. But England had planted a belt of brave and resolute colonists along the Atlantic coast; no rays of royal favor beamed upon the hardy germ; it grew up unprotected, despised, scarcely heard of in the great world of European polities, till it overshadowed the land.

As we look back, by the lights of experience, on the events of our early history, the occupation of the interior of our continent by France seems to have served no other purpose than to bind together the English colonies, in their infancy and youth, by a sense of common danger, and the principle of repulsion to a foreign nationality. I know not that history affords a more memorable lesson than is contained in the fact, that when England conquered the French colonies in America, she did but exchange them for her own."

The inevitable law of the American union is thus presented:—

"Am I asked *why* it was so? what created this necessity? I will not rest in lower causes, though these are obvious enough. The necessity of a union was established by the same law of our nature, or rather of the Author of our nature, which sets the solitary in families, and has melted families into clans, and clans into states; which binds the particles of matter together; which suspends a planet in the sky, or hangs a dew-drop upon a rose-leaf. Our feeble powers of analysis cannot in either case fully unfold the principles by which it operates; and in everything that involves the agency of moral beings, their choice becomes a portion of the law. But, that the group of colonies, planted side by side on the shores of the American continent, speaking the same language, subject to the same government, belonging to the same national stock, and reared in the same circumstances of national fortune, should, in asserting by a joint act their independence of the mother country, enter into a constitutional union with each other, was at least as certain, as that they were destined to a career of prosperity. Such a union was the obvious condition of mutually beneficial intercourse, of domestic harmony, and a respectable position before the world. Or, if anarchy, civil war, and the ultimate extinction of free government were to be their doom, the want of union was as obviously the first step towards its accomplishment. Union was the first condition of success in the revolutionary struggle; it was the United States that declared their independence; the United States whose independence was acknowledged by the treaty of 1783. After an unsatisfactory experiment of the old confederation, it was the people of the United States by whom, for the purpose of forming 'a more perfect union,' the present constitution was adopted."

The transition from the Peace Congress of Europe to the permanent, practical Peace Congress of the United States, affords a happy illustration:—

"Among the great ideas of the age, we are authorized in reckoning a growing sentiment in favor of peace. An impression is unquestionably gaining strength in the world, that public war is no less reproachful to our Christian civilization, than the private wars of the feudal chiefs in the middle ages. The hope of adjusting national con-

troversies by some system of friendly arbitration—a hope which philanthropic minds have distrustfully cherished in other periods—has of late been openly avowed by men of a more practical class, by men conversant with the policy of the world, and fresh from its struggles. The last year witnessed the assembling of a peace convention, of a very imposing character, at Paris; a similar one is about to be held at Frankfort-on-the-Main. Delegates from this country are on the way to join it. A congress of nations begins to be regarded as a practicable measure. Statesmen, and orators, and philanthropists are flattering themselves that the countries of Europe, which have existed as independent sovereignties for a thousand years, and have never united in one movement since the crusades, may be brought into some community of action for this end. They are calling conventions and digesting projects, by which governments the most diverse, empires, kingdoms, and republics, inhabited by different races of men—tribes of Sclavonian, Teutonic, Latin, and mixed descent—speaking different languages, believing different creeds—Greeks, Catholics, and Protestants—men who are scarcely willing to live on the same earth with each other, or go to the same heaven, can yet be made to agree in some great plan of common umpirage. If, while these sanguine projects are pursued,—while we are thinking it worth while to compass sea and land in the expectation of bringing these jarring nationalities into some kind of union, in order to put a stop to war; if, I say, at this juncture, the people of these thirty United States, most of which are of the average size of a European kingdom,—destined, if they remain a century longer at peace with each other, to equal in numbers the entire population of Europe,—states which, drawn together by a general identity of decent, language, and faith, have not so much formed as grown up into a national confederation; possessing in its central legislature, executive, and judiciary, an efficient tribunal for the arbitration and decision of public controversies; an actual peace congress, clothed with all the powers of a common constitution and law, and with a jurisdiction extending to the individual citizen (which this projected congress of nations does not even hope to exercise), if, while they grasp at this shadow of a congress of nations, the people of the states let go of,—nay, break up and scatter to the winds,—this substantial union, this real peace congress, which for sixty years has kept the country, with all its conflicting elements, in a state of prosperity never before equalled in the world—the admiration and the envy of mankind—they will commit a folly for which the language we speak has no name; against which if we, rational beings, should fail to protest, the dumb stones of yonder monument would immediately cry out in condemnation."

TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION.

Truth Stranger than Fiction; a Narrative of Recent Transactions, involving inquiries in regard to the principles of Honor, Truth, and Justice, which obtain in a distinguished American University. By Catharine E. Beecher. New York: Mark H. Newman. 1850.

SAINT Athanasius against the world! Miss Catharine Beecher against the President and Faculty of Yale College!

When will people learn the great truth that their own affairs, and those of their immediate friends, are vastly more interesting and entertaining to themselves than to the world at large? Goethe says, somewhere in *Wilhelm Meister*, that a man cannot be convinced too soon of how small consequence he is in the world; how comparatively inconsiderable is the sphere he fills while he is here; how imperceptible the void he makes when he disappears. But this height of philosophy few at all except after long experience. The first time a man is abused in the newspapers, he fancies that his reputation is gone, and his usefulness destroyed.

ed; he boils and burns with indignation; he consecrates the residue of his life to the work of exposing and holding up to infamy the calumniator of his good name. All this while his next-door neighbor has never seen the obnoxious paragraph, and nobody has read it twice or thought of it once. If he is a wise man, after a little fuming he dismisses the matter from mind and memory. If he is a foolish man, he publishes a "card," or writes an explanatory statement.

But in those fortunate localities where country Colleges and Seminaries are planted as the absorbing centre around which all interests, thoughts, and associations revolve; where wise Professors grow more wise at tea drinks and *tête-à-têtes* with village spinsters; where interesting Bachelors of Arts, besides fitting themselves amongst Hebrew roots, Greek prosody, and abstruse ethics, to teach the rules of daily duty to their fellow men, are the "cynosures of neighboring eyes," the observed of all observing mothers and all proficient daughters; where the College bell marks the hours, and the Seminary lectures regulate the time of meals, and the revolving terms of study, like so many totally eclipsed moons, control the tides of local gaiety, society, and existence—there the rules of larger communities are reversed; the interest of everybody in everybody else is at fever heat; the practical socialism of provincial life, aided by the proximity of that overgrown gossiping family, the University, makes joint stock of every new disclosure, and the general fund is augmented and enriched by each fresh instalment of scandal or surmise.

Without wasting time in the details of the work, it is enough to say that "*Truth Stranger than Fiction*" is the offspring of the busy-bodying, intermeddling propensities which such a state of things as we have intimated is sure to engender. The staple of the whole book—a broken off match, or rather the cessation of pointed attentions on the part of a young divinity student to a lady of Miss Beecher's acquaintance, in a manner and under circumstances disgraceful to the man and distressing to the woman—has its parallel every week in every city of the Union, and amongst all classes of society; fortunately, however, every slighted Chloe is not made the subject of an *exposé* by her own friend, a victim to the stern sense of justice which animates Miss Catharine E. Beecher, and compels her to drag to the light, and publish to the world the indiscretions or misfortunes of her dearest friend, with a view to punish the offending party, whose greatest crime is not, it seems, the insult to the lady, but the support and encouragement which, according to the authoress, he has found in the whole Faculty of Yale College.

There is something so ludicrous in this attempt to interest all mankind, and command the sympathy of the whole country, in a squabble in a country town, about an affair between two people of the relative positions of the parties in Miss Beecher's narrative, that we have given the book greater attention than it deserves, and shall make amends by entering a more formal protest against its spirit and tendencies than, perhaps, the mischief it is capable of doing requires.

If a great wrong has been done Miss Beecher's friend, it is no more than falls to the lot of many others; and although the frequency of outrages is no reason for denying redress, it certainly is a reason against making a parade of the sufferings which are too common to command special sympathy in any given case. To suppose that greater injury was inflicted in

this instance than happens to hundreds of females who console themselves in silence, accuse their own imprudence for one half their suffering, and congratulate themselves upon their happy escape, is to suppose much more than the book gives any warrant for. If Mr. A. (the hero) had made any dishonorable propositions, had taken any "unwarrantable liberties,"—we use the term in the conventional language of the fair sex,—the excuses and palliations which it seems the venerable fathers of Yale College were willing to give him the benefit of, might have been denied; but as the case stands on Miss Beecher's presentation, it adds a new motive to the constant exercise of the feeling which prays for deliverance from one's friends!

Miss Beecher is an instructress of youth—of young ladies. This production of her pen is one which we should be sorry to see in the hands of any young person of unformed mind. It is calculated to bring odium on the clerical profession, especially on students of Theology, as a class, and is already used by a certain portion of the Press as a cover under which to asperse unjusly their whole body; it violates, in our view, the cardinal principles of Christian charity, and that without the palliation of sudden or irresistible provocation. We apply to the book a simple but sufficient test: if there were such a want of "honor, truth, and justice" in the actions related, why publish them in a form calculated to excite a prurient curiosity and gratify the love of scandal? if not, why seek to bring undeserved reproach upon one of the most respectable and venerable of the Literary Foundations of the country?

Memoir of Ellen May Woodward. By the Rev. George D. Miles, A.M., Rector of St. Stephen's Church, Wilkes Barre, Pa. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston. 1856.

A NEAT little volume, containing a narrative of the life of a very interesting and amiable young lady (daughter of Hon. George W. Woodward of Wilkes Barre), who was drowned, with two companions, while crossing the ice on one of the flats near the Susquehanna river, in the vicinity of that town. The accident and the melancholy consequences it occasioned, seem to have produced a great sensation in the neighborhood, owing especially to the fine qualities of the subject of this memoir, whose life will prove interesting to young persons here as well as those who cherish her memory at home.

Speech on the Slavery Resolutions, delivered in the General Assembly which met in Detroit in May last. By Joseph C. Stiles. Mark H. Newman.

The above speech, now published by request of Rev. Dr. Erskine Mason, of this city, and other clergymen and delegates to a recent Presbyterian General Assembly, will be read with interest by those who watch the movements of our church organizations with regard to the now absorbing question of southern slavery. The Rev. Mr. Stiles is a Southerner, having been for a long time a popular and well known preacher in Richmond, Virginia. He is now in the Mercer Street Church of this city, and has many admirers as an ardent, eloquent divine. His sentiments on the subject of slavery, and the proper course for the churches of the North in relation to it, are those of moderation and Christian sympathy. He presents very strongly the argument against Northern interference, and insists upon the rights and correct position of the churches south of Mason and Dixon's line.

SONG FOR THE PEOPLE.

Music by Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy.

It is decreed in God's wise plan,
That what his heart holds dearest, man
Must part with—aye, part with!

The bud a friend hath sent thee, go
Put in a water-glass, but know—
But know thou—aye, know thou:—
Blooms there a rose at morning light,
Twill fade before another night—
That know thou—aye, know thou!

Hath God provided thee a love,
Thou holdest dear, all gifts above,
That keep thou—aye, keep thou!
Yet know, ere many days have flown,
Twill go and leave thee so alone.—
Then weep thou—aye, weep thou!

But think of this—'twill calm thee then—
Aye, calm thy sorrow,
When comes the hour of parting, men
Say—"Farewell, till we meet again—
Again, to-morrow!"

C. T. B.

MR. CUMMING'S LIONS.

(From that modern Nimrod's "Five Years' Adventures in South Africa," just published in London.)

NATURE AND HABITS OF THE LION.

ALTHOUGH the dignified and truly monarchical appearance of the lion has long rendered him famous amongst his fellow quadrupeds, and his appearance and habits have often been described by abler pens than mine, nevertheless, I consider that a few remarks, resulting from my own personal experience, formed by a tolerably long acquaintance with him both by day and by night, may not prove uninteresting to the reader. There is something so noble and imposing in the presence of the lion, when seen walking with dignified self-possession, free and undaunted, on his native soil, that no description can convey an adequate idea of his striking appearance. The lion is exquisitely formed by nature for the predatory habits which he is destined to pursue. Combining in comparatively small compass the qualities of power and agility, he is enabled, by means of the tremendous machinery with which nature has gifted him, easily to overcome and destroy almost every beast of the forest, however superior to him in weight and stature. Though considerably under four feet in height, he has little difficulty in dashing to the ground and overcoming the lofty and apparently powerful giraffe, whose head towers above the trees of the forest, and whose skin is nearly an inch in thickness. The lion is the constant attendant of the vast herds of buffaloes, which frequent the interminable forests of the interior; and a full-grown one, so long as his teeth are unbroken, generally proves a match for an old bull buffalo, which in size and strength greatly surpasses the most powerful breed of English cattle. The lion also preys on all the larger varieties of the antelopes, and of both varieties of the gnu. The zebra, which is met with in large herds throughout the interior, is also a favorite object of his pursuit. Lions do not refuse, as has been asserted, to feast upon the venison that they have not killed themselves. I have repeatedly discovered lions of all ages which had taken possession of, and were feasting upon, the carcasses of various game quadrupeds which had fallen before my rifle. The lion is very generally diffused throughout the secluded parts of Southern Africa. He is, however, nowhere met with in great abundance, it being very rare to find more than three, or even two, families of lions frequenting the same district and drinking at the same

fountain. When a greater number were met with, I remarked that it was owing to long-protracted droughts, which, by drying nearly all the fountains, had compelled the game of various districts to crowd the remaining springs, and the lions, according to their custom, followed in the wake. It is a common thing to come upon a fullgrown lion and lioness associating with three or four large young ones nearly fullgrown; at other times, fullgrown males will be found associating and hunting together in a happy state of friendship: two, three, and four fullgrown male lions may thus be discovered consorting together. The male lion is adorned with a long, rank, shaggy mane, which in some instances almost sweeps the ground. The color of these manes varies, some being very dark, and others of a golden yellow. This appearance has given rise to a prevailing opinion among the Boers that there are two distinct varieties of lions, which they distinguish by the respective names of "Schwart fore life" and "Chiel fore life;" this idea, however, is erroneous. The color of the lion's mane is generally influenced by his age. He attains his mane in the third year of his existence. I have remarked that at first it is of a yellowish color; in the prime of life it is blackest, and when he has numbered many years, but still is in the full enjoyment of his power, it assumes a yellowish-grey, pepper-and-salt sort of color. These old fellows are cunning and dangerous, and most to be dreaded. The females are utterly destitute of a mane, being covered with a short, thick, glossy coat of tawny hair. The manes and coats of lions frequenting open-lying districts, utterly destitute of trees, such as the borders of the great Kalahari desert, are more rank and handsome than those inhabiting forest districts. One of the most striking things connected with the lion is his voice, which is extremely grand and peculiarly striking. It consists at times of a low, deep moaning, repeated five or six times, ending in faintly audible sighs; at other times he startles the forest with loud, deep-toned, solemn roars, repeated five or six times in quick succession, each increasing in loudness to the third or fourth, when his voice dies away in five or six low, muffled sounds, very much resembling distant thunder. At times, and not unfrequently, a troop may be heard roaring in concert, one assuming the lead, and two, three, or four more regularly taking up their parts, like persons singing a catch. Like our Scottish stags in the rutting season, they roar loudest in cold, frosty nights; but on no occasions are their voices to be heard in such perfection, or so intensely powerful, as when two or three strange troops of lions approach a fountain to drink at the same time. When this occurs every member of each troop sounds a bold roar of defiance at the opposite parties; and, when one roars, all roar together, and each seems to vie with his comrades in the intensity and power of his voice. The power and grandeur of these nocturnal forest concerts is inconceivably striking and pleasing to the hunter's ear. The effect, I may remark, is greatly enhanced when the hearer happens to be situated in the depths of the forest, at the dead hour of midnight, unaccompanied by any attendant, and esconced within twenty yards of the fountain which the surrounding troop of lions are approaching. Such has been my situation many scores of times; and, though I am allowed to have a tolerably good ear for music, I consider the catches with which I was then regaled as the sweetest and most natural I ever heard. As a general rule, lions roar during the night; their sighing

moans commencing as the shades of evening envelope the fore-t, and continuing at intervals throughout the night. In distant and secluded regions, however, I have constantly heard them roaring loudly as late as nine and ten on a bright sunny morning. In hazy and rainy weather they are to be heard at every hour in the day, but their roar is subdued. It often happens that when two strange male lions meet at a fountain a terrific combat ensues, which not unfrequently ends in the death of one of them. The habits of the lion are strictly nocturnal; during the day he lies concealed beneath the shade of some low, bushy tree or wide-spread bush, either in the level forest or on the mountain side. He is also partial to low reeds or fields of long, rank, yellow grass, such as occur in low-lying vleys. From these haunts he sallies forth when the sun goes down, and commences his nightly prowl. When he is successful in his beat, and has secured his prey, he does not roar much that night, only uttering occasionally a few low moans; that is, provided no intruders approach him, otherwise the case would be very different. Lions are ever most active, daring, and presuming in dark and stormy nights; and, consequently, on such occasions the traveller ought more particularly to be on his guard. I remarked a fact connected with the lions' hour of drinking peculiar to themselves: they seemed unwilling to visit the fountains with good moonlight. Thus, when the moon rose early, the lions deferred their hour of watering till late in the morning; and when the moon rose late, they drank at a very early hour in the night. By this acute system many a grisly lion saved his bacon, and is now luxuriating in the forests of South Africa, which had otherwise fallen by the barrels of my "Wesley Richards." Owing to the tawny color of the coat with which nature has robed him he is perfectly invisible in the dark; and although I have often heard them loudly lapping the water under my very nose, not twenty yards from me, I could not possibly make out so much as the outline of their forms. When a thirsty lion comes to water he stretches out his massive arms, lies down on his breast to drink, and makes a loud lapping noise in drinking not to be mistaken. He continues lapping up the water for a long while, and four or five times during the proceeding he pauses for half a minute as if to take breath. One thing conspicuous about them is their eyes, which, in a dark night, glow like two balls of fire. The female is more fierce and active than the male, as a general rule. Lionesses which have never had young are much more dangerous than those which have. At no time is the lion so much to be dreaded as when his partner has got small young ones. At that season he knows no fear; and, in the coo'est and most intrepid manner, he will face a thousand men.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Syracuse, July 12, 1850.

MY DEAR D.

You take some interest in the Free Schools of the State; let me tell you what was done at the Convention here, now just adjourned. On the morning of the 10th, the proceedings, immediately after the organization, were interrupted by the sad news of the death of our good old President. An adjournment took place to the afternoon. On re-assembling, the Secretary of State, who had been chosen presiding officer, took the chair, and eight Vice-Presidents, corresponding to the eight judicial

districts, with several Secretaries, were duly appointed.

Resolutions, and an address, were then presented, which are inclosed; and as these had been carefully prepared, debate at once commenced upon the general question. The discussion was remarkably well sustained on both sides. The resolutions were opposed by Mr. Bascom and Mr. McMasters of the Freeman's Journal, and other speakers from the country, and defended by the Secretary of State (Christopher Morgan), S. S. Randall, Deputy Superintendent of Schools, and many others from all quarters of the State. The speech was made by a German from Troy, whose admirable presentation of the advantages of schools, enlivened by sallies of genuine wit, and a keen satire upon our native opponents, aimed as from without, from a German standpoint, kept the Convention under what the French reporters call a "profound sensation."

A family of singers, in the style of the Hutchinsons, were introduced once or twice in the afternoons, just after some drowsy speaker, with capital effect. They sang parodies upon "the old Granite State," in praise of Free Schools.

Mr. McMasters was heard with respect and attention, having been interrupted only by one bilious-looking, smooth-faced gentleman, said to be of the N. Y. Sunday Press, who read at him a paragraph from the *Truth-Teller*, and seemed rather too eager for the war of words. Nothing could be better than the good taste and temper of Mr. McMasters' remarks. Kind, careful, considerate, yet firm in defence of his views, he made everywhere a most favorable impression, personally. His arguments, however, were met by replies which seemed quite to satisfy the auditors. The result of the gathering at Syracuse has been a hearty endeavor of those who love Schools, of both parties, to sustain the law at the next election. The legislature was soundly berated, as it deserved. "What men are these," said an old farmer, "who ask the people a year after by the popular vote a law had been adopted, in an unusual and pointed way—Did you mean what you did last November? How do you like the fruit of the tree you planted last fall? Why," said he, "it is an insult!" and so it is.

But without more words, I commend to you the address, which was written by Mr. Greeley, and carefully considered by a Committee before it was submitted to the Convention. Another very excellent one, that had been prepared by Mr. Sedgwick of Syracuse, was not adopted, on account of its length; for it was deemed of great moment that what was finally agreed on should be so short as to be contained within two columns of any country newspaper. A passage or two, disposing of several popular fallacies, may be worth quoting:—

"Whoever among you has had patience to follow an opponent of the law through his devious course of reasoning, well knows that his citadel is the assumption that *it is wrong to tax one man to educate another's children*, unless it be the children of absolute paupers. This assumption, if conceded, is fatal not to Free Schools merely, but to any Common Schools whatever. If elementary education be properly and only a parental duty, then the State should leave it wholly to the voluntary and unobserved efforts and combinations of parents. Then the taxation of a district to build a school-house is usurpation and extortion.

"To the assertion that *it is wrong to tax A to provide instruction for the children of B*, we reply that we would tax both A and B for school purposes, each in proportion to his ability, not as parents, but as possessors of property, and because

Property is deeply interested in the education of all. There is no farm, no bank, no mill, no shop (unless it be a grog-shop) which is not more valuable and more profitable to its owner if located among a well-educated, than if surrounded by an ignorant population. Simply as a matter of interest, we hold it the duty of Property to itself to provide education for all. Not, therefore, as the children of A, nor of B, but as children of New York, her future cultivators, artisans, instructors, citizens, electors, and rulers, we plead for the education of all, at the cost and for the benefit of all.

"The Common Schools of New York are to her what their respective standing armies are to Russia and Austria; and it would be as fair to support the latter by a head-tax as the former. The child of Indigence who attends the District School is discharging a public duty, and should be as welcome there as the heir of affluence and social distinction. He should be made to feel that his due training and development are the subject of general solicitude. Property can better afford to educate four children in the school-house than one in the street. The teacher, when fairly remunerated, as he too often is not, is a far less expensive functionary than the sheriff, the district attorney, or the judge. One burglar or thief costs more to the community than all the teachers of an average township. The statistics of our State Prisons prove that at least three fourths of our criminals are drawn from that one fourth of our population which has enjoyed the least educational advantages—mainly no such advantages at all. Let our Common Schools be abolished to-morrow, and Property would soon be taxed many times their annual cost in the shape of robberies, riot, and depredations. For every teacher dismissed, a new deputy sheriff, constable, or policeman would be required.

"But we are asked why a citizen who has worked, and saved, and thrived, should pay for schooling the children of his neighbor, who has drunk, and folcked, and squandered till he has little or nothing left. We answer, he should do it in order that these needy and disgraced children may not become what their father is, and so, very probably, in time a public burden as criminals or paupers. The children of the drunkard and reprobate have a hard enough lot, without being surrendered to his judgment and self-denial for the measure of their education. If they are to have no more instruction than he shall see fit and feel able to pay for, a kind Heaven must regard them with a sad compassion, and man ought not utterly to leave them uncared for, and subjected to such moral and intellectual influences only as their desolate homes may afford. To stake the education of our State's future rulers and mothers on such parents' ideas of their own ability and their children's moral needs, is madness—is treason to the common weal. They will be quite enough detained even from Free Schools by supposed inability to clothe or to spare them; but to cast into the wrong scale a dead weight of paternal appetite and avarice, in the form of rate-bills, is to consign them heartlessly to intellectual darkness and moral perdition.

"And, in truth, the argument for taxing in equal amounts the improvidently destitute and the frugally affluent father of a family, for school purposes, is precisely as strong for taxing them in equal amounts to build court houses, support paupers, dispense justice, or for any other purpose whatever; nay, it is even stronger; for the drinking, thriftless, idle parent, is far more likely to bring expense on the community, in the shape of crime to be punished or pauperism to be supported, than his thrifty and temperate neighbor; and according to our adversaries' logic, he should pay more taxes on his log cabin and patch of weedy garden, than that neighbor on his spacious mansion and bounteous farm. The former will probably turn off two paupers to one of the latter, and should be assessed in a pauper rate-bill accordingly. And this argument from parental misconduct against the justice of Free Schools is of a piece with the rest."

A temporary paper, devoted to the promotion of Free Schools, has been established at Syracuse. The Committee adopted a resolution in its favor; and it is hoped that the *Clarion* will be a powerful ally. Like the political *flankers*, this Journal is only intended to be issued during the campaign.

Always yours,
B.

FACTS AND OPINIONS.

Our correspondent, "C. T. B." sends us the following:

"MESSRS. EDITORS:

"Observing by your last number that 'Punch' had been prohibited at Konigsberg, I was reminded of an epigram which I translated the other day, from the Leipzig 'Charivari' of 1843:

"We Germans get our rights, to be sure,
As far and as fast as we need 'em—
We have the freedom of caricature,
And a caricature of freedom."

The German authorities, however, cannot hate *Punch* with half the animosity which the officials of Louis Philippe displayed during the latter years of that monarch's reign. *Punch* was contraband and confiscated; as soon as his malicious sheet became visible in any way which justified a seizure, it was precipitately captured, and grave gens d'arme or custom-house guards have been seen stamping the obnoxious sheet into the earth, as if to stop the vital currents of anti-Gallie wit and sarcasm.

Lord Brougham's projected visit to this country furnishes *Punch* with new occasions of merriment at the expense of the eccentric statesman, and the Liverpool Chronicle with the motive for some caustic remarks: that paper says—"It was rumored some time ago, and the rumor is now confirmed by the party mainly interested, that Lord Brougham will shortly visit the United States. Excitement is essential to the existence of this eccentric and extraordinary man. Notwithstanding his years, which have already reached the allotted period of human life, the vigor of the ex Chancellor hardly knows diminution. A man so learned in the law, so famous as an orator, possessed of such varied and extraordinary attainments—for there is hardly a branch of human knowledge in which Lord Brougham does not excel—will, of course, receive in America marked and general attention. The bent of his will necessitates the performance of extraordinary antics; but it is undeniable that he will please, perhaps astonish, the transatlantic world. Lord Brougham never does anything by halves. If his reception on the other side of the Atlantic exhibits a tinge of the enthusiasm which awaited a popular novelist, who is held, according to American opinions, to have made an ungrateful return for the hospitality which he experienced, the House of Lords will resound, on his return, with brilliant declamation in favor of republican institutions, and the working of the American constitution. *Punch* is fearful that the learned functionary may insist upon being naturalized, and enjoying the privileges of an American citizen; and our facetious contemporary refers to the claim which Lord Brougham made in the infancy of the French republic for a similar honor. Our transatlantic friends will laugh at the idea; but the noble personage himself is hardly likely to prefer such a claim, seeing that it would cost him some £4,000 or £5,000 a year in hard British sovereigns, the amount of his retiring pension as Lord Chancellor of England. Had it not been for this trifling drawback, there is no fore-hadowing the extent to which his lordship would have gone in regaining, under the stripes and stars, the popularity which he has forfeited under the union-jack. But whatever may be Lord Brougham's follies, it is useless to be vexed with them. They form part of the man—we cannot have one without the other. His splendid talents have always been acknowledged, but his stability was always questionable. He never could be relied on. Years have not diminished his mercurial buoyancy, nor,

let us add, his eccentricities. It has been said that 'genius to madness is allied.' Had Lord Brougham been less gifted, the probability is that he would have been more sedate. Taking him altogether, he is the most extraordinary enigma of the age—a mystery to his friends, and an unfailing object of caustic merriment to all who do not come under that category.

"Lord Brougham and the late Sir Robert Peel commenced their political career about the same time—some forty years ago. They were, of course, thrown into very dissimilar positions; but the career of each, rightly considered, shows how talent, worthily employed, is superior to genius, unaccompanied with ballast. While the empire, from one extremity to the other, is mourning over the loss of the great practical reformer and progressive statesman—while subscriptions are being raised in every town and city to erect monuments to his memory, and thousands regard his withdrawal from the stage of life in the light of a personal affliction, the other is destitute of all moral influences, is without a party in parliament or the country, and has long since outlived the popularity which his early efforts in favor of education and law reform created. How is this to be accounted for? Did the relative powers of the two men produce so marked a contrast? The mystery is solved in a word—the one was practical and did his work; the other talked but left the work unfinished. On the score of attainments, Lord Brougham was Peel's superior; but on the score of utility, and the power of impressing his mind on his age, the two were 'wide as the poles asunder.'

"It is painful to see a man of Lord Brougham's great mental capacity so utterly bankrupt in moral influence. In his better days he climbed to the highest point of dignity which a British subject can attain—that of a cabinet minister and the chairman of the Peers. His head seemed to become giddy by the elevation, until at last he became a positive nuisance to his colleagues, who were obliged rudely to disown the connexion; since which Lord Brougham has been busily engaged in fighting with shadows and phantoms of every imaginable kind. We are not sorry that he is crossing the Atlantic. He is still no ordinary man. There is enough in him to arrest the attention of quidnuncs and politicians, and the United States are large enough to afford scope for the wildest of his exploits—the highest soarsings of his oratory. He cannot fail to attract, perhaps to please, and, it may be, to astonish, as we have said, the grave citizens of the great republic."

A melancholy interest attaches to the following account of the last appearance and death of an actress, once amongst the first celebrities of her profession. We find the facts more fully stated in the *Liverpool Mail* than in any other journal:

"Mrs. Glover took leave of the stage on Friday night, at Drury Lane Theatre, when the receipts amounted to upwards of £1,000. Mrs. Glover was so feeble on that occasion that she could scarcely get through her celebrated part of Mrs. Malaprop, and was utterly unable to recite an address that had been prepared for her. An affecting scene of parting was substituted—the curtain was drawn up, and she was discovered sitting in an armchair, with all the performers of note of the present day doing homage to her who had been a public favorite for more than fifty years. The parting was more than she could bear, and she sank under it until she died on Monday evening. This long celebrated actress was born in Newry, Ireland, January 8, 1781. Her family, the Bettertons, are believed to be descended from the great Betterton, who flourished contemporary with Garrick and Quin. Our heroine, Julia, commenced her theatrical career at the age of six, and in 1789 joined the York circuit, appearing as the page in the tragedy of the 'Orphan.' She soon after played the Duke of York to the famous Cooke's Richard III. In 1796, the playgoers of Bath passed high encomiums on her Juliet and Lydia Languish, and the echoes of her praise reaching London, she was engaged by Mr. Harris at a salary of £12 a week,

which was afterwards raised to £15, £16, £17, and £18, for five years. As Elvina, in Hannah More's "Percy," she made her *debut* at Covent Garden, October 12, 1797, with immense success. A Miss Campion, from Dublin, soon became Miss Betterton's rival in tragedy, and drove her to seek unplucked laurels in a walk better suiting her genius; thus, henceforth, we find her rising in the higher walks of comedy, with only occasional impersonations of tragic parts. In 1797, a Mr. Biggs and Mr. De Camp both became suitors for the hand of the accomplished lady. She was relieved from this dilemma by the death of Mr. Biggs and the marriage of De Camp. At length, unfortunately for the domestic comfort of our actress, the suit of Mr. Glover was successful, and on March 20, 1800, she was united to him. By an engagement at Drury Lane she aided the genius of Edmund Kean, and performed an extended series of characters. At length, after a youth of honor in the chief parts of tragedy and comedy, she gradually descended into the Dame Heidelberg and Malaprops—no descent of talent or position, but, like the sunset, more glorious in its nearer approach to nature. So true were her impersonations of the peculiarities and beauties of damehood, that it will be long before their memory will fade. For several years Mrs. Glover had no equal in her theatrical walk; her Shakspearian readings also ranked very high. In private life she was long the support of her family."

The London newspapers are discussing various plans for the contemplated monument to Sir Robert Peel. The *Bucke Advertiser*, referring to the "Working-man's Monument," asks, "why not have the whole monument made of loaf architecture, pile upon pile of carved stone, representing heaps upon heaps of cheap quarters? It was Cruickshank, we think, who suggested a monument of skulls, with Napoleon arm-a-kimbo on the top, and gave an engraving of the same. Sir Robert Peel's fitted column would be that staff of life which perpetuates the existence of the human race."

The *Examiner*, in somewhat the same strain, says—"The Monument to Sir Robert Peel is the loaf of bread; let it be put under the protection of his name, stamped Peel's Loaf, and who will dare to displace that name by diminishing the size of the loaf, or raising its price."

The London *Athenaeum*, in noticing a new life of Christopher Columbus by Horace R. St. John, takes occasion to say, very justly, that of all the biographers of Columbus, "Washington Irving carries off the palm. Not many are the *conteurs* who can wield the sorceries of language like the author of *Rip Van Winkle*, or weave as he does, about the incidents of that mysterious voyage, the witcheries of old Romance."

The first doctor's degree in music ever bestowed by the University of Jena, has just been awarded to M. Meyerbeer.

A GREAT MAN DEPARTED.

There was a festive hall with mirth resounding; Beauty and wit, and friendliness surrounding; With mirths above, and dancing feet rebounding.

And at the height came news, that held suspended The sparkling glass!—ill st. w the hand descended— And cheeks grew pale and straight—and all the mirth was ended.

Beneath a sunny sky, 'twas heard with wonder, A flash had cloth a lofty tree asunder, Without a previous cloud—and with no rolling thunder.

Strong was the stem—its boughs above all 'thrilling— And in its roots and sap no cinders galling— Prosperity was perfect, while Death's hand was falling.

Man's body is less safe than any tree; We build our ship in strong security— A Finger, from the dark, points to the trembling sea.

Man, like his knowledge, and his soul's endeavor, Is framed for no fixed altitude—but ever Moves onward: the first pause, returns all to the Giver.

Riches and health, fine taste, all means of pleasure; Success in highest efforts—fame's best treasure— All these were thine,—o'erstepped—and overweighed the measure.

But in recording thus life's night-shade warning, We hold the memory of thy kind heart's morning:— Man's intellect is not man's sole nor best adorning.

Household Words.

PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR.

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* * * The SEVENTH VOLUME of the LITERARY WORLD commenced with Number 179. Subscribers wishing to receive the work from the commencement should order immediately.

■ ■ ■ SAMPSON Low, 169 Fleet Street, London, is our authorized Agent for Great Britain.

Messrs. STRINGER & TOWNSEND have nearly ready "Genevieve," the first of the romances under the title of "Stories of Popular Life," by Alphonse Lamartine, now being published in the *Constitutionnel* of Paris, and *La Semaine Littéraire* of this city. The translation was made from an early copy by Mr. Fayette Robinson, who is engaged to render into English the rest of the series without delay.

D. APPLETON & CO. are preparing for publication the following illustrated works: "Our Saviour, with Prophets and Apostles," a series of eighteen highly-finished steel engravings, designed expressly for this work, with descriptions by various American Clergymen. Edited by the Rev. T. M.

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